Cambria : Freeman
is published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.,
BY JAMES G. HASSON,

Guaranteed Circulation, - - - - - 1,200

Subscription Rates.

Subscriptions: 1 year, cash in advance.....$1 50
do do if not paid within 3 months, 1.75
do do if not paid within 6 months, 2 00
do do if not paid within the year, 2 25

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1892. NUMBER 35.

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"ALL THE RIVERS."

"All the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not full."—Ecclesiastes 1: 7.

The mountain torrents hasten,
With cataract and roar,
To reach the moaning ocean
And break upon its shore.
Their mystery and music,
Their laughter and their leap,
Are lost within the bosom
Of the dark and sullen deep—
Yet the sea is not full.

Athwart the purple moorland
The flashing streams go by,
Now gray beneath the storm-cloud,
Now azure as the sky.
By bracken, gorse and heather,
By crag, and rock, and plain,
They hurry to the river,
And the river to the main—
Yet the sea is not full.

Amid the quiet meadows
The peaceful rivers glide,
To meet the ocean's murmur,
The tumult of its tide.
They leave the woodland whispers,
Where summer blossoms lave,
To mingle with the ripples
Of the ebbing, flowing wave—
Yet the sea is not full.

How long, how long, wide ocean,
Shall love be lost in thee,
And strength and beauty perish
In death's immensity?
Oh, when shall ring the music
Of the promise over thee,
The blessed music of the cry:
"There shall be no more sea"?
—Clara Thwaites, in Sunday Magazine.

QUINCE BLOSSOMS.

How Patty Captured a Bouquet and a Heart.

Mr. Maverick's quince trees had blossomed unusually full this spring.

Like tossing billows of pale pink, the laden boughs hung over the old stone wall, showering rosy petals down at every breeze; and Patty Price stood still with a little ecstatic exclamation of delight as she came to the turning in the lane.

"Quince blossoms!" cried Patty, clasping her hands together. "Oh, I *must* have some to model in wax flowers."

For Patty was a city schoolma'am, out for a fortnight's holiday, and she cried over the violet-spangled meads, laughed in sympathy with the gold-orbed dandelions, and kissed the little downy goslings in the most insane manner — or at least so her country cousins thought. And she had never seen a quince blossom before, and to her artistic eye it was like a poet's dream of beauty.

She was not unlike a human quince blossom herself, this dove-eyed, pink-cheeked young heroine of ours, as she stood there with the wind blowing back the strings of her white muslin sun-hat, and her rose-colored lawn-dress fluttering softly.

"Nonsense," said Miss Araminta Allen, her cousin, who had seen the annual marvel of quince blossoming ever since she was a child, and cared nothing for it. "And they're on Mr. Maverick's land, too, and he's such an *awful* old bachelor."

"He could not eat me up, could he, if I stole a few?" gravely demanded Patty. "Just for my wax flowers. And there is a ladder, too, all ready for me!"

"Yes," said Araminta Allen, looking rather apprehensively around, "it's Mr. Maverick's ladder. His man is sticking broken bottles on the top of the wall."

"Horrid old savage!" said Patty.

"The children climb over so," explained Araminta, "and steal his standard roses and prize strawberries, and break off his oleander boughs."

"Then why doesn't he give the poor things all they want?" indignantly demanded Patty Price. "The idea of an old bachelor living all alone in that paradise of a place, and grudging a few strawberries or a rosebud to the children! Araminta, I'll tell you what. I'm going to have a big bunch of those quince-blossoms."

"Oh, Patty!"

"Why not? I can just run up the ladder and get them before your old curmudgeon comes out with his broken bottles and man-traps."

"Please, Patty, don't think of such a thing!" breathlessly remonstrated Araminta Allen, who had been inoculated from her youth up with the belief that Albert Maverick was the grand mogul of Westbrook, and Peter Mackenzie, his gardener, was his grand vizier.

"You're not—*afraid?*" said Patty, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"Yes, I am," acknowledged Araminta.

"*I* am not!" cried Patty. And, like a bird, she fluttered up the ladder, scaled the heights of the garden wall, and in another minute had both hands full of pink and white quince blossoms and buds.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Araminta. "I told you so! There's somebody coming!"

And away she ran, vanishing into the hedge just as old Mackenzie came around the corner of the wall, with a pail of steaming tar in one hand and a basket of fractured bottles in the other. And just as Patty would have withdrawn her forces in good order, he nullified her retreat by briskly pulling the ladder away.

"I've got ye the noo!" said he, exultantly. "So you're the bad little lassie as has broke all our rhododendrons off!"

"I've never touched them!" cried Patty, half terrified, half indignant.

"Remember Ananias and Sapphira," said old Mackenzie, solemnly.

"Put that ladder back!" said Patty, holding on to her bloomy treasures.

"Nae," said old Mackenzie, "I will nae do that, until I've reported to my master."

And away he trudged to the house, where Mr. Maverick was reading "Carlyle" in a great hammock under the vine-shaded veranda.

"I've caught her, Meester Mauverick!" said he.

"Caught whom?" said Mr. Maverick, frowning a little at the interruption, as he turned the page.

"The girl as steals our flowers."

"Where?"

"Up on the garden wall!"

"Why doesn't she get down again?"

"Because I've tooken the bit ladder away!" exultantly answered old Peter.

Mr. Maverick smiled grimly. "Let her stay there then, until she asks pardon and promises good behavior for the future!" said he, and relapsed instantly into "Carlyle."

Old Peter went back, chuckling to himself.

"Aha, bairny," said he, "my master says ye're to speer his pardon and promise never to steal flowers again!"

"I won't!" cried indignant Patty.

"Suit yoursel', suit yoursel'," said old Peter; and he went to work at some tulip bulbs with the most barbarous indifference. And there sat pretty Patty on the wall, her little feet hanging down among wild honeysuckles and Michigan roses, her hair snowed over with the fluttering petals of the quince blossoms, for whose sweet sake she had risked so much.

"I can't jump," said Patty to herself, "it's too far; and I can't climb down, for there's a quickset hedge on one side, and a straight, steep wall on the other. And I'll *never* ask the horrid old bachelor's pardon, no, not if I sit here for three days!"

At the end of an hour or two old Mackenzie came toward her.

"Will ye say ye're sorry?" demanded he.

"No, I won't!" said Patty.

He went back to his master.

"She wunna say she's sorry, sir," said he.

"Let her stay there, then," said Mr. Maverick, abstractedly.

But when the level beams of the sunset peered through the wisteria leaves and danced on the pages of "The French Revolution," Mr. Maverick threw aside his book with a yawn.

"Mackenzie!" said he.

"Sir," responded the gardener.

"Is that child up on the wall yet?"

"There she is, sir," answered the old man, "and there she's like to stay. A wrang-headed, willfu' creature as ever I set eyes on."

"I'll go out and speak to her myself," said Mr. Maverick, a little impatiently.

And Patty, from her lonely height, looked down upon a handsome, middle-aged face, with dark, laughing eyes, a beard like jetty silk, and a rich olive skin. He started back in blank surprise at beholding, instead of the gawky, village schoolgirl for whom he had looked, a pretty young lady with blue eyes, floating golden hair, and a pink muslin dress.

"Mackenzie," said he, "there has been a mistake!"

"Nae mistake at a', sir, nae mistake at a'," persisted the old gardener. "I caught her a-stealin' 'em my ainsel'!"

Mr. Maverick turned gravely to the dimpled captive on the garden wall.

"Are you the purloiner of flowers?" said he. "The hardened wretch that declines to supplicate for pardon?"

"Are you the flinty-hearted old bachelor?" saucily retorted Patty, who was tired and hungry and sunburned, but resolute still.

"An old bachelor—yes, but flinty-hearted—no! Mackenzie!"

"Sir!"

"Bring the ladder at once!"

"But, sir, she hasna speered pardon yet!" cried the bewildered old Scotchman.

"Bring the ladder, I say!" And then, as Patty reached the ground, he bowed low.

"Will you forgive me?" said he. "For I assure you that if I had known it was anyone but the tormenting little school children, this should not have happened."

"I—I only wanted a few quince blossoms to pattern my wax flowers after," said Patty, with crimsoned cheek and quivering lip, "and—"

Mr. Maverick glanced down at the fade l flowers to which our little heroine still v iantly clung.

"And these are all wilted," said he. "Allow me to get you some more."

"I mule save us a'!" commented old Peter to himself; "here's t' master speering pardon of t' lassie, instead of her to him! Is t' world a'gaun' down?"

But Mackenzie's astonishment was nothing to that of Miss Araminta Allen when she saw Patty Price come sauntering leisurely home with Mr. Maverick at her side, all laden with blossoming quince boughs, and heard him say:

"I'll bring you those maidenhair ferns and oxalis specimens in the morning, Miss Price; and if there is anything else about the place you fancy I beg you to consider my grounds as entirely at your disposal."

"How have you conquered him?" said Araminta, in amazement.

"He is an old bachelor," said Patty, laughing, "but he isn't so very dreadful, after all!"

And when the quince blossoms were all gone and the tall tiger lilies were in bloom Albert Maverick asked little Patty Price to give up her city classes and stay at Maverick Hall altogether. And there are no more broken bottles on the garden wall, for Mrs. Maverick lets the children have all the flowers they want.—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

TENNYSON IS FRIGID.

He Takes It a Rule Never to Speak to Strangers.

Tennyson has almost been interviewed by a London reporter on his new play. The journalist caught the poet just as his lordship started on his daily walk and approached him, hat in hand.

"I see your lordship's play has been successfully produced at Daly's theater in New York."

The laureate walked on without deigning to look.

"Cable dispatches state that the play is the best thing your lordship has ever written."

No response.

"Mr. Irving says that there will be an increased run for a year if your lordship will let him produce the play at the Lyceum. What are your lordship's plans?"

His lordship continued to stare straight ahead of him, and Hon. Hallam Tennyson appeared and apologized for his father's apparent rudeness, saying that the old man never spoke to strangers.

Spring Shooting.

The poet Whittier said the other day that if he were a young man he would enlist under the banner of some great moral reform, no matter how desperate the outcomes of that cause might now appear, and devote himself to laboring for its success, says Forest and Stream. One of the younger generation of sportsmen now coming on the stage might enroll himself on the side of the spring shooting abolitionists with perfect confidence in the ultimate triumph of their principles. Nothing in the entire field of sportsmanship is more clearly demonstrated by passing events than that the sentiment against spring shooting is gaining strength. It is stronger today than it was ten or five years ago; it will be stronger five and ten years from now than it is to-day. It is gaining ground in a wider territory than ever before. No one who intelligently notes the trend of opinion in relation to such affairs can fail to be convinced that this is the situation with respect to the shooting of wild fowl flying northward to their feeding grounds in the spring of the year.

AN UNLUCKY SERENADE.

The Ill-Fortune That Attended My Musical Efforts.

My parents both died in my boyhood, leaving me nothing but their blessing and myself as a legacy to a rich and eccentric aunt. She, having already adopted an orphan girl and not wishing to be plagued with a pair, promptly packed me off to a boarding-school. Here I remained, holidays included, till I attained my eighteenth year. Not till then did Aunt Matilda condescend to receive me.

She did not greet me with much warmth. She kissed me and then rewarded a fat poodle which nestled in her lap with the same attention.

"You have grown very much like your fool of a father."

"Pardon me, auntie," said I, astounded at this introductory remark, "you mentioned—"

"Your father, blockhead!" she snapped. "Whatever my poor sister saw in such a motch passes my comprehension. Nothing but a ne'er-do-well, good-for-nothing—"

"Excuse me, aunt," I remonstrated; "but hadn't we better change the subject? The weather is very sultry."

She laughed outright.

"I am pleased to find you are not the same easy-going fool he was. I suppose you are right. We will let the poor man rest," which remark was very charitable, considering poor dad had been at rest for eight years. "Come," she continued, "I want to introduce you to Louise, your future wife."

I stood open-mouthed with amazement.

"Don't stand staring there, you booby."

"My wife?" I gasped.

"Yes; I suppose you may as well know first as last. I will leave you my fortune—twenty thousand pounds in consols—but only on condition that you marry Louise, you understand."

"Yes, aunt," I responded, feebly. Following her I was introduced to Louise and at once fell in with my aunt's proposals. She was lovely. I don't think it would have needed my aunt's fortune as an incentive to failing at once in love with her. Dark, with splendid hazel eyes, laughing mouth and pure, transparent skin, she was indeed a picture of youth and beauty. She received me graciously, and I could see that my aunt was pleased with the impression she had made. A few days after Aunt Matilda broached my future.

"I don't want to see you around the house idly wasting your time," she said. "You must adopt some profession. Now to what do you incline?"

Protest was useless and my aunt had her own way. So shortly after I passed my examination and became a member of her majesty's civil service. I had my own quarters, which a decent allowance from my aunt enabled me to keep up, and I occasionally visited her at the snug little Hampstead village.

Out of my first quarter's allowance from Aunt Matilda I lent a fellow clerk, Jack Denton, five pounds, for which he promised handsome interest. I waited patiently but in vain for its return. At the end of two years—although by that time I regarded it as a bad debt—I ventured to remark that I should like to see the principal, and would willingly waive all claim to the interest.

"My dear fellow," was his reply, "I would pay you with all the pleasure in the world, but unfortunately I am completely stumped."

I saw no chance of its recovery, but determined to press him a little.

"Couldn't you manage to pay so much a month?"

"Vague improbability, old chap. I have mortgaged my next three-months' crew. But—a good idea—I have a French horn, a regular beauty, worth ten guineas, and dirt cheap at that. Now, take it like a good fellow, and cancel the debt."

"But what on earth do I want with a French horn? It's of no use to me."

"Then create a use for it. Add to your many accomplishments that of musical amateur. You've a splendid lip," he continued, artfully; "just the cut for the instrument. Now, old chap, make me eternally grateful by accepting. A magnificent bargain, I assure you."

I took the instrument, and from that date my trouble began.

Up to this period the course of my love had been perfectly smooth, when who should turn up but a cousin of Louisa's, Tom Meldrum. He had been out to Australia to try his fortune, but after a sojourn of five years in that land of promise had returned with just sufficient to pay his cab fare from the dock to my aunt's, where he was loafing till he found something better to do.

I was jealous of this Hercules. He stood six feet in his stockings. Whenever I paid a dutiful visit to the villa I was bound to come upon the cousins in some interesting position—poring over sketch books or albums. Aunt was confined to her bed and could not watch over my interests and so my rival had the field to himself.

I determined to warm up my fickle love's waning affections, and with this object I practiced assiduously on the French horn a lovely German serenade I had purchased at a cheap music stall.

I taxed my patience to the uttermost and most people within a respectable radius of sound. If I endeavored to make a crescendo on a certain note I invariably cracked it or split it into two or three.

But by laudable perseverance I got over these little difficulties so far as the serenade was concerned and determined on the first fine moonlight night to give it a practical trial and see what romantic effect would do in the cause of Cupid.

At length the auspicious night arrived and I set out for Hempstead, arriving there quite two hours before the time I had arranged for the performance—midnight. So I adjourned to the shelter of the nearest public and fortified myself with several stiff tumblers of whisky and water until closing time. This I knew would be bad for articulation on the French accent, but I needed bracing.

Unfortunately for me, though I was unaware of the fact, Aunt Matilda had an unconquerable prejudice against music in any shape or form. German bands visiting the vicinity, as I afterward learned, were always sure of a rich harvest—to take themselves off, and Italian piano and organ grinders from the purlieus of Saffron Hill and Seven Dials were amazed at the open-handed generosity which preceded a threat of the police if they came again within five hundred yards of the place.

Arriving there I stationed myself under the window of Louise's bedroom, extracted my instrument of torture from its green baize cover and placed it to my lips.

Just then I felt something sniffing about my legs, and looking down beheld my aunt's fat poodle. It had been locked out by accident by the servants. I conciliated the brute with pats and caresses, and it lay down contentedly on the grass at my feet.

I had started the serenade. It went beautifully. I didn't think the instrument was capable of such pathos. I had got half-way through it when the window of the bedroom was opened and I dimly saw a white figure half-hidden by the ivy which embowered it. This gave me fresh courage. Louise was looking at me. I poured my young soul through the silver-tipped mouthpiece. I had got to the last note when a mournful and discordant howl came as an accompaniment. I raised my foot and sent the poodle spinning five yards away.

"You wretch!"

Horror! I had mistaken the window. Aunt Matilda stood there in wrathful indignation. Here was a pretty predicament. I had nearly killed her pet, which lay alternately howling and whining under some holly bushes.

"Poor Flossie! Don't dare to show your face within these walls again. My darling pet! I knew there was no good in such stock. My precious treasure! After being a second mother to you!" and the window went down with a bang, while from my uncomfortable position I could hear a bell violently ringing. Utterly crestfallen I repacked the now hateful cause of my troubles. As I passed the corner of the house I heard a suppressed tittering and a window was hurriedly closed.

"Fair and false." I bitterly thought as I recognized the dark locks of my inamorata.

Slowly and sorrowfully I retraced my steps homeward and with a dull foreboding of the consequences to follow. Nor was I wrong. I lost half a day with the intention of apologizing to my aunt but was refused admittance.

While I stood at the door, uncertain how to act, Mr. Raymond, my aunt's lawyer, made his appearance. This looked ominous and I turned away with a heavy heart. As I reached the garden gate Louise came out of the drawing-room and ran after me. She begged me to enter, and as the servant did not oppose her I followed, noticing that her eyes were red with recent weeping.

"What is the matter, Louise?"

"Your aunt is much worse," she replied. "She caught a chill through that foolish freak of yours. I am afraid she will never forgive your cruelty to her dog."

"Hang the brute!" I ejaculated angrily.

"With all my heart; but you know how fond she is of it. She has sent for Mr. Raymond."

"Yes," I responded, moodily. "I suppose you will benefit by any alteration of her will?"

"Don't suspect me of any mercenary feelings, Bob," she entreated.

"It's rather hard to be robbed both of fortune and wife by that lout of a cousin of yours."

"You are ungenerous and ungentlemanly," she rejoined, flushing.

"It is difficult to act the gentleman under such circumstances. But I heartily apologize if I have wounded you."

"Then we are friends once more," she said, taking my hand.

"Louise," I said, huskily, "I read by your altered manner that I no longer hold a place in your heart. I can't part with you without a pang, for if I have not grown to love you you are at least dear to me. Let us remain friends. I am sure I wish you all happiness."

The poor little thing hung her arms around my neck.

"You are very good," she sobbed. "I could not help it. I tried to think only of you, but I couldn't help loving Tom. You believe me, don't you?"

"I am sure no one could accuse you of heartlessness. Now, good-by; just one kiss for the last."

A fortnight later Aunt Matilda died. I attended the funeral and listened to the reading of the will. It left me sufficient to buy a mourning ring. Everything went to Louise.

I returned home, and taking the French horn from its case I jumped on it till it was past recognition. I then pitched it into the lumber attic. And this is the end of my bright visions of the future. I shall end my days in the work house, in all probability, or some equally disagreeable and disreputable—

Rat-tat!

The postman. Another bill, I suppose, to keep its disconsolate brethren company.

"Two letters for you," breaks in the maid, handing me an important-looking blue envelope and a smaller white one.

I tore the former open impatiently. What's this?

"We beg to inform you that the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling has been placed to your credit by Miss Louise Hawthorne. Awaiting your instructions, we are, sir, yours obediently, CLINTON & Co."

I opened the smaller envelope. It contained but a few words, but how tender and welcome:

"DEAR BOB—I could not rest in the enjoyment of the entire fortune your aunt left me. She always intended we both should enjoy it, and in dividing it with you I feel I am only carrying out her wishes. Tom and I are to be married as soon as circumstances will permit. I am sure you wish us happiness. I do this with his knowledge and sanction. Ever yours in friendship, LOUISE."

—Spare Moments.

THE PHYSICIAN'S SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC authority asserts that a cubic inch of soil contains from 60,000 to 2,250,000 minute organisms.

PROF. BROWN SEQUARD informs the Paris academy of science that his discovery, popularly known as the "elixir of life," has been used with marvelous success in over 30,000 cases.

M. PASTEUR acknowledges that he received inspiration in his studies on hydrophobia from Mme. Greville's description of the Muscovite treatment of that dreadful disease.

M. VERESTCHAGIN, the Russian artist, has been discharged from the Pasteur institute in Moscow, with the assurance that he will suffer no further ill effects from the dog bite which he received some months ago.

THE NEW SCHOOLMA'AM.

Naomi's Unworthy Jealousy and Her Reparation.

"Is supper ready, Naomi?"

"No, it ain't!"

David Pole had brought with him a breath of the cold outside air into the room where his sister was ironing. The young people were alike—tall, well-shaped, swarthy complexioned, with regular features and large gypsy-black eyes, where the jetty lights seemed to swim at every breath.

A very old woman cowering over the stove had the same strange eyes, although her hair, under its close-frilled cap, was bleached snow-white, and her skin was the color of old parchment.

"What ye got?" the crone demanded, as young Pole flung a bunch of birds on the table.

"Something for breakfast, granny," said he. "I've been hunting in Catlet woods. Not much luck, though. I say, Noami, I wish'd you'd hurry up supper."

"What for? It ain't supper time yet, and I've got all the towels to do yet."

"Oh, bother the towels! I want to go over to Skene's Corners to-night and see Miss Stuart's new piano."

"Humph!" Naomi ironed away with redoubled zeal. "Miss Stuart's new piano, indeed! I wish Miss Stuart was further, and her new piano, too! But you're like all the rest, Dave—a new face turns your head. Hessie Holt and her poor little parlor organ ain't much account now."

"Eh? What ye talkin' 'bout? Who's Miss Stuart? Is Hessie Holt's organ out o' tune ag'in?" crooned out the old woman by the fire.

"Granny don't know," said Naomi. "I guess she's the only one that don't. Miss Stuart, granny? Why, she's the latest fashion at Skene's Corners. She's the new schoolma'am. Ask our Dave if you want to know all about her. Ask any of the young fellers!"

"Ask John Classon!" added David, angrily. "Naomi's jealous—that's what ails Naomi."

Naomi compressed her full red lips and ironed resolutely on. The old grandmother fell into a sort of doze and nodded over the stove. David Pole took the lantern down from its nail against the chimney piece.

"If I can't get my supper here," said he, "I'll get it over to Classon's. I'll look after the cattle first."

And in a moment David was gone.

"He can do as he pleases," thought Naomi, vindictively. "There's nothing but cold pork and pickled beets for supper, anyhow. Perhaps they'll have something better at Classon's. Miranda's a good cook."

The clock had just struck six, and granny was stirring the homely brown sugar into her first cup of tea, when a gentle knock sounded on the warped panel of the outside door. Naomi rose to answer the summons.

A beautiful young woman, with red-gold hair, large light-blue eyes and a complexion as delicate as a roseleaf, stood there, wrapped in a scarlet and dark plaid shawl.

"Miss Pole?" she said, hesitatingly.

Naomi inclined her head stiffly.

"Yes," she said, "that is my name."

"I am Eda Stuart."

Again Naomi bowed frigidly.

"And," hesitated the new schoolteacher, with a smile that might have melted the earthenware Chinamen on the lid of granny's teapot, but which produced no sort of effect on Naomi Pole, "I've started out to visit a sick pupil—Louisa Ledyard—and I'm afraid I've lost my way. I hadn't any idea it would grow dark so soon, and I must be back by seven o'clock, for I expect some friends to try a new piano that I have had sent me from Boston. Your brother has half promised to come, Miss Pole. Won't you accompany him?"

"David isn't at home," said Naomi, with a sidewise glance at the road down which her brother had strode some time ago. "And I don't care nothin' about pianos."

Miss Stuart colored and shrank back. She felt as if this hard, handsome brunette had slapped her in the face.

"Perhaps, then," said she, "you can tell me the nearest way home. It's quite dark, you see, and," brushing some white, needle-like particles out of her face, "it's beginning to snow."

"Keep right along the path till you come to the old stone tavern," said Naomi, indifferently. "Then turn to the right, and it ain't more'n half a mile, or maybe three-quarters."

The bright-dressed girl still lingered on the doorstep.

"I am not very well acquainted with the roads around here," said she. "If you could send a boy to show me?"

"We don't keep no boy," said Naomi. "And we've no one to send."

Again Miss Stuart recoiled.

"Good evening," she said, gently.

"Good evening."

And Naomi banged the door shut.

As she sat eating her supper and helping granny to fresh supplies of homemade bread and butter a sudden thought darted into her mind.

In giving Miss Stuart the directions for finding her way back to Skene's Corners, she had forgotten the young stranger's ignorance of the neighborhood characteristics.

It was true that the regular road branched off to the right of the ruined pile which had once been an old stone tavern, but there was also a disused thoroughfare which led through a dismal swamp towards a long abandoned stone quarry, across a rotten corduroy road, which had nearly sunk into one of those frightful quaking bogs which sometimes appear in dense and swampy woods.

To one unaccustomed to the local topography it might be perilous to stray off into the weed-grown and deserted track, especially when everything was whitened with fast falling snow.

Naomi sprang up and went to the door. She looked out, with one hand held above her eyes.

"Am I losing my wits?" she thought. "Of course I cannot see half a dozen rods down the road. It's dark as pitch and snowing in the bargain. Let her go her own gait! I ain't responsible!"

A sudden light blazed in her eyes, as if Satan's self had flashed a lurid bombshell across her soul. John Classon, her own "steady company," had been dazzled—at least so spoke the tongue of popular rumor—by the glitter of Eda Stuart's sea-blue eyes. She, the late belle of Skene's Corners, was quite out of fashion now!

Eda had danced every dance at Squire Marbury's corn-husking, and Naomi had sat by among the wall-flowers, her heart swelling with secret anger.

Though Naomi hated the beautiful blonde, she rose up again and reached down the lantern that David had replaced on its hook by the kitchen chimney.

"Granny," said she to the dozing old woman, "I'm going out a few minutes."

"Eh? What?" shrilly questioned granny. "Be you a goin' to see the new forte-pianny? Be you bewitched arter the new schoolma'am, too?"

Naomi made no reply. She lighted the lantern, bundled a shawl around her head and rushed out into the frozen darkness.

She gained some distance by climbing nimbly over a stone wall and traversing a stubbly meadow, instead of following the windings of the road, and presently arrived, panting for breath, at the ruined stone tavern.

She held the lantern high above her head and looked around. Nobody was visible. She called aloud: "Miss Stuart! Miss Stuart!" No answer came.

For one second she hesitated; then, changing the lantern from one hand to the other, she started on a run down the disused track until she came to the spot where here and there a partially submerged log betokened the former traces of the corduroy road.

Once more Naomi cried:

"Miss Stuart! Miss Stuart!"

"Oh, is that you? Do come here and help me," a terrified voice answered. "I stepped on a broken log, and I think the ground must be swampy here; the log seems to be sinking in. But I've got tight hold of a young birch tree."

Naomi sprang to the rescue. Eda had already set her foot upon the doomed spot. In another moment the rescuer would have been too late!

With a strength at which she herself afterwards marveled, Naomi seized Eda around the waist and lifted her out of the morass.

"Do you know," she gasped, "that you have been standing face to face with death? Do you know that you have wandered out of the road into the Shaking Bogs?"

Eda's face, in the glimmer of the lamplight, was very white.

"And you have saved me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how can I ever find words to thank you?"

"Never mind that now," said Naomi, in the old brusque way. "Let us make haste back to Skene's Corners. It's snowing faster every moment, and your feet are wet in that awful morass. Look. Here's where you missed the right road. Of course you couldn't be expected to know that this old track was closed up long ago, and I didn't remember to tell you. There are the lights of Skene's Corners now. Can you see them glistening through the snow flurries?"

"But you are coming with me?"

"No. I must hurry back to granny. But"—she hesitated and flushed deeply—"you will kiss me just once to show—that—we are friends?"

By way of answer Eda flung both her arms around Naomi Pole's neck and showered a score of fragrant kisses on her cheeks, lips and brow.

"Friends," she cried, passionately, "forever!"

"It's high time you were here, Naomi," petulantly uttered old Granny Pole, "when here has John Classon been a settin' half an hour before the fire waitin' for you to come back."

John Classon colored a little as he held out his broad, sunbrowned hand to Naomi.

"You see," said he, "Dave came over to our house to see my cousin Hessie, and—and I thought it would be a good chance to tell you what I've wanted to tell you so long. Can't you guess what it is, Naomi?"

It was late when Dave came home. Grandma Pole had long been abed and asleep, but Naomi sat before the dying fire thinking.

"Hullo, Naomi! you up?" was Dave's off-hand greeting. "I've got news for you. I've engaged myself to Hessie Holt, and if the crops turn out good next year, my wife shall have as good a piano as Miss Eda Stuart!"

Naomi held out her hand; the limpid black deeps sparkled in her eyes.

"I'm awful glad, Dave," said she. "I'm sorry I was so cross with you to-night; but my heart was so sore. I thought Miss Stuart had charmed John Classon's love away."

"And hain't she?"

"He has never thought twice of her, Dave," spoke up the exultant girl. "He cared for me, and me only, and to-night he asked me to be his wife."

The brother and sister talked late and lovingly together, while the clock ticked behind its screen of asparagus and the snow built up feather barricades against the outside of the window panes; and when Naomi laid her head on the pillow her last thought was that of gratitude that she had listened to the trumpet call of conscience and hastened to Eda Stuart's rescue.

"For after all," pondered Naomi, "she was no rival of mine, and—and I think it's likely I shall be married before she is."

And as she repeated her prayers, one phrase lingered sweetly in her drifting dreams:

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"—Saturday Night.

Russian Exhibit of Sugar.

With a view to acquainting the Americans with the Russian sugar industry, the department of trade and manufactures, through the intermediary of the president of the Kieff bourse committee, has proposed to the sugar refiners of southwestern Russia to exhibit in the Russian section of the world's fair at Chicago collective samples of the products of this industry independent of the exhibits made by individual refiners. At the same time it is suggested that a brief review of the sugar industry in southwestern Russia should be compiled so as to give a clear idea of the gradual development of this industry and its present condition.

Pigmy Hogs.

Specimens of

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - SEPTEMBER 9, 1892.

Democratic National Ticket.

For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND, New York.
For Vice-President,
ADLAI STEVENSON, Illinois.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Congressman at Large.
GEORGE A. ALLEN, Erie.
THOMAS P. MERRITT, Berks.

For Supreme Judge.
CRISTOPHER HEYDRICK, Venango.

For Electors at Large.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, Tioga.
JNO. C. BULLITT, Philadelphia.
THOMAS B. KENNEDY, Franklin.
DAVID T. WILSON, Allegheny.

For District Electors.

Samuel G. Thompson,	Clement R. Wainright
Adam S. Conway,	Charles H. Lafferty,
W. Redwood Wright,	George R. Guss,
John O. James,	William Molan,
James Duffey,	Charles D. Breck,
S. W. Trimmer,	Samuel S. Leiby,
Azur Lathrop,	F. C. Hipple,
Thomas Challant,	W. D. Hummelright,
P. H. Strubinger,	H. H. Piper,
Joseph D. Orr,	Charles A. Fagan,
Andrew A. Payton,	John D. Braden,
Michael Liebel,	Thomas McDowell,
J. K. P. Hall.	

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
L. D. WOODRUFF.
For Senate,
GEORGE E. CONRAD.
Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Senatorial Conference.)
For Assembly,
S. W. ALLEN.
JAMES J. THOMAS.
For Prothonotary.
J. C. DARBY.
For Register and Recorder.
D. A. McGOUGH.
For District Attorney.
F. J. O'CONNOR.
For Poorhouse Director.
RAPHAEL HITE.
For Surveyor.
H. SCANLAN.

Notice.

The members of the Democratic County Committee are requested to meet at the FREEMAN office, in Ebensburg, on Saturday, September 10th, 1892, at one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Coroner on the Democratic ticket.

JAS. G. HASSON,
Chairman.

THAT New Jersey Bird whom the People's party nominated for governor was a Republican before he shed his feathers.

THE Republican Congressional conference in this district has not yet succeeded in making a nomination. It looks very much as if they were working to kill off Hicks and in this they will likely succeed.

THE negro laborers on the Wilkesbarre & Eastern railroad rebelled against their white bosses at Harmersville, Luzerne county, Pa., Saturday, claiming that they were kept in bondage. In the fight that followed one of the negroes was fatally shot. The rest escaped.

JUST for the sake of information the Dayton (O.) *Times* wants to know why all the people of Ohio should be taxed two cents a pound on tin to give employment to 42 Welshmen up at Youngstown. The *Times* shouldn't be so inquisitive.

THE returns from Arkansas indicate that the election held on Monday resulted in a Democratic victory. Owing to the Australian ballot the vote has been largely reduced, the illerate citizens not voting. It is thought that not more than 50 per cent. of the negroes voted, which will increase the Democratic majority, which the Republicans say will be 50,000.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is no longer the greatest brute in America. James J. Corbet, of California, gave him his medicine in New Orleans, on Wednesday night, and after twenty-one rounds the hitherto invincible champion had to bite the dust. Mr. Sullivan, like a great many others in all kinds of business did not know when to quit.

THE nomination of Hon. L. D. Woodruff, of Johnstown, as the Democratic candidate for Congressman is one fit to be made and will add strength to the Democratic in this county. Mr. Woodruff, if elected, will fill the position with honor and ability, and although the district is strongly Republican the dissensions in the Republican party are such as to leave a possibility of a Democrat being elected. Mr. Woodruff will carry the entire Democratic vote and may make inroads on the Republican party sufficient to elect him.

THE election in Vermont on Tuesday is not calculated to put much enthusiasm in the Republican ranks. It has gone Republican, bnt by the smallest majority that the party has ever had in a presidential year. The Democrats held their own, while the Republican vote has fallen off about 20 per cent. "Straws show which way the wind blows" and the same loss on the Republican side will give the Democrats Connecticut and Rhode Island, with good hopes for carrying Massachusetts and New Hampshire. High tariff is not what the New England farmers are asking for.

THE German steamer, Moravia, arrived at New York from Hamburg, on Tuesday night of last week, having lost twenty passengers from Asiatic cholera during her voyage of twelve days. Preparations have been made at all our ports to prevent the entry of cholera. There seems to have been no cases of the disease on board the Moravia when she arrived. The vessel was quarantined and every precaution taken to prevent the spread of the disease. It is highly probable that new cases will develop, though the spread of the disease may be prevented. With the possibiities of the spread of the disease it behooves every community to see that all possible sources of disease are promptly removed and all dangerous spots cleansed and disinfected. Cleanliness and general and careful sanitation are the chief means of prevention of the disease, and also a provention of its spread where it appears.

THIS country has now, and will have for a long time to come, says the Philadelphia *Record*, a vast surplus of wheat, corn, beef, pork and cotton beyond the need or power of domestic consumption. The people of Europe must take this surplus of breadstuffs and provisions and cotton, or open new sources of supply in other regions of the world. By the extent to which the export trade of Europe to this country shall be obstructed, to that extent will the power of Europe to purchase American wheat, corn and cotton be diminished.

During the last year the enormous exports of breadstuffs to feed the starving populations of European countries were not paid for in products of European industry or in gold, but out of past accumulations of European earnings invested in Government and railroad bonds of the United States. As the McKinley tariff obstructed the exchange of commodities, and as Europe could not part with its gold basis of currency, there was no alternative except to send over these securities by the ream for liquidation. But there must be an end, and that very soon, to this process of liquidation. No longer able to exchange their products for the bread stuffs and cotton and petroleum of the United States, and having no more American securities to offer in payment, the people of Europe would be driven to Russia, India Australia—everywhere for their supplies but to this country. American farmers, no longer having in Europe a reliable market for their supplies, would be less able to buy goods of American manufacturers; factories would close, and multitudes of workingmen would be thrown out of employment. Then the effects of the McKinley tariff would be made visible to the blindest advocates of this narrow policy of commercial obstruction. Greed is always blind; and there could be no more glaring proof of mental and moral cecity than the obstinate maintenance of a system of warfare upon commerce in a country that has hundreds of millions of surplus products of farm and mine and factory for disposal and distribution in the markets of the world.

ON Monday Governor Pattison issued the following proclamation on the observance of Columbus Day:

"WHEREAS, In accordance with the joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, the President of the United States, by proclamation, has appointed Friday October 21, 1892, the four hundreth anniveriary of the discovery of America by Columbus, as a general holiday for the people of the United States; and

"Whereas, The President has recommended that the people on that day, as far as possible. cease from toil, and devote themselves to such exercises as may best express honor to the discoverer, and their appreciation of the great achievements of the four completed centuries of American life; and

"Whereas, The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has a special interest in this anniversary by reason of the magnificent progress made by the people of the state during the centuries since the discovery,

"Now, therefore, I, Robert E. Pattison, Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, do recommend Friday, the 21st day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, as a general holiday. On that day in the school house in the church and other places of assembly of the people let there be appropriate services, teaching loyalty to our country and gratitude for the Divine benediction which has so abundantly blessed our people."

GENERAL FRANK REEDER, chairman of the Republican state committee; Marshal Wright, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and Chairman Burrows, of the labor union party, met Secretary Harrity at the state department at Harrisburg on Tuesday and briefly presented their views regarding the form of ballot under the new election law. Chairman Reeder thought the form adopted by the department did not conform with the law. Secretary Harrity intimated that the matter would be referred to the Attorney General for an opinion.

After his conference with the State Chairman of the Republican, Democratic, Prohibition and People's party Secretary Harrity stated that the arrangement submitted by Chairman Reeder and others had raised a doubt in his mind as to whether or not the form of the official ballot as issued by the State Department should be changed. He says he will consult with Attorney General Hensel and give a decision so that officials and others shall promptly notice any change if any is made. There is no dispute about the nomination papers. The objection to Secretary Harrity's form of ballot was that it does not provide for the grouping of candidates.

THE Lincoln (Neb.) *Freie Presse* would not be surprised if the Democrats should elect their entire state ticket in Nebraska. There are 70,000 German voters in the state, a large majority of whom have heretofore acted with the Republicans. They are tired of McKinleyism and the general illiberal tendencies of the party, and are fast breaking away from it. The Democrats have nominated two German-Americans for important State offices, S. N. Wolbach for Lieutenant Governor and Matthew Gering for Attorney General. The Republicans, as in Illinois, have ignored the German-Americans entirely.

THE New York *Recorder*, now a strong Republican organ, Saturday printed the following "Word to the Republican Committee" in bold, black faced type in a conspicuous place in its editorial columns: "Don't make the mistake for one moment of thinking that Tammany Hall is not going to fight for all it knows how to elect Cleveland and Stevenson. Any reliance on the disaffection of this organization will be worse than a broken staff to lean upon."

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON. D. C. Sept. 2nd, 1892. A marked feature of the present campaign is the great difference between the way prominent Republicans who come to Washington talk for publication and the way they talk among themselves. In published interviews they all with one accord talk as though the campaign was already settled in their favor and the election a mere formality that must be gone through with just to keep up appearances; but let two or three of them meet privately, where they think themselves safe from the sharp ears of wicked and prying newspaper men, and to hear them reminds one of the line of the familiar song—"Oh what a difference in the morning."

Two office-holders—United States Treasurer Nebeker, and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Crounse, who is also the Republican candidate for governor of Nebraska—returned from visits to their respective states this week, and before they had shaken the dust of travel from their clothes they both gave out rose-colored interviews of Republican prospects in Indiana and Nebraska, in which those states were stated to be entirely out of the doubtful list. By a mere accident I learned the real opinions of those two men. Nebeker sent word to Mr. Harrison and to his man Carter that unless something was immediately done to satisfy the disaffected Republicans in the Fort Wayne district of Indiana all hope of carrying the state might as well be abandoned. So much for his confidence! Mr. Crounse feels so uncertain about the result in his state that he is loath to resign his present office, and wants to fix it so that when he does resign his pay will run to the first of October, and the place be kept vacant until after the election, in order that he may be reappointed if he gets defeated. He has appealed to the national committee for financial assistance in his campaign, with the statement that it is money or certain defeat.

It may be that Secretary Tracy can explain satisfactorily the charges which the New York *Herald* daily reiteraterates, that the change in the armor of the new war vessels was made at the request of the firms that make the armor, and that it will put several hundred thousands of dollars in the pockets of the aforesaid firms, but the ugly fact remains, that up to the present time he has not done so, and to attempt to pooh, pooh, charges made by so responsible a journal as the *Herald*, will hardly go down with an intelligent public. The charge of favoritism, not to call it by a worse name, has been specifically made and nothing short of an answer just as specific will satisfy the unprejudiced public. If secratary Tracy can prove the *Herald* to be wrong, it is a duty he owes to the administration, as well as to his own good name, to do so at once.

Secretary Tracy is coming in for considerable criticism because of the unprotected position of American interests in South America, which was sharply brought to mind by the forcible seizure of political refugees on a passenger steamship carrying the American flag, the other day, by Venezuelans, and the consequent hurried ordering of the gunboat Concord from the Atlantic coast to Venezulan waters. When the social influences of the officers of the navy were many months ago scheming to have the best ships in our navy spend the summer on the Atlantic coast, to give the "dear ducks" who 'dance so delightfully, you know," an opportunity to put in a little time at all the fashionable seaside resorts. Secretary Tracy was begged by those interested to keep one or two vessels in South American waters to look after American interests which are constantly jeopardized by the unsettled condition of several of the countries over there, but he could not stand the social "pull"; hence the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs.

The possibility of an extra session of Congress put Washington ail in a flutter this week, that is, if the rumor prevalent about Mr. Harrison intending to call an extra session to prohibit immigration, on account of the spread of cholera in Europe may be said to make a possibility. Treasury department officials, who ought to know if such a thing was contemplated, declined to talk about it, although several of them admitted that a suspension of immigration would help very much in keeping the cholera out of the United States. Senator Cullom, of Illinois, now in Washington, says he does not believe there is any foundation for the rumor, and that there is no necessity at this time for any law absolutely prohibiting imigration, although he admits that it may become necessary if the cholera continues to increase in Europe. M.

Contempt of Court.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., September 6.—United States District Attorney Walter Lyon made a presentment in the United States District Court here this morning, asking for an attachment for George A. McCormick, Sheriff of Fayette county.

At the March term of the United States Court at Scranton, Charles Bolesby, Amos Critchfield and Jacob Finkor were convicted of illicit distilling and sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000 and undergo six months imprisonment in the Fayette county jail. District Attorney Lyon says he has explicit information that the Sheriff has taken the prisoners from the jail and has had them working on his street railway and also doing police duty at the base ball park, of which Sheriff McCormick is president. The prisoners have been at liberty since May, being allowed to sleep at their homes over Sunday and working during the week.

Mr. Lyon has instructed United States Marshal Harran not to pay the fifty cents per day allowed by the government for keeping the prisoners.

The case is the first one of the kind in the history of the United States Courts, and puzzled Mr. Lyon to inform himself just what charge he could bring. He finally decided to prosecute the Sheriff for contempt court and the arrest will be made to-day.

Soldiers Cause a Panic.

HOMESTEAD, Sept. 4.—As the excursion steamer City of Pittsburg, was passing Homestead last night some of the passengers shouted derisively at the workmen in Carnegie's mill. A number of the soldiers quickly boarded the tugboat Tide and started for the City of Pittsburg. The two boats collided and militiamen made a bayonet charge on the excursionists. In the rush a woman was knocked down, her leg broken and severe internal injuries inflicted.

A scene of the wildest excitement followed which soon developed into a complete panic. Woman fainted by the the score and four children were trampled under foot and seriously injures. About twenty-five of the passengers were arrested and taken to Homestead charged with disorderly conduct.

—A Texas cloudburst nearly swept away the town of Alpine. It created terrible havoc among live stock, buildings, etc., in the mountains above that place.

—One hundred and thirty-five miners were released at Wallace, Idaho, on Sunday. Indictments were found against every one, which are merely meant as an incentive to good behavior.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Hamburg.

HAMBURG, Sept. 5.—The fresh cases of cholera discovered to-day number 889 the deaths number 277. Compared with yesterday the decrease of the number of cases is 78; of the number of deaths 36. There is much loose official talk to the effect that the worst is over, that the plague is abating and that the people are recovering from their panic. This talk is echoed by the newspapers. It would be difficult to name any specific sign of returning confidence among the people, and the mortality from 201 on Friday to 313 yesterday showed how vain were the hopes aroused by the slight abatement of the plague, and the fact that the average of fresh cases for yesterday and to-day it is larger than at any previous time shows conclusively that the disease is at least not losing its hold. Despite professions of confidence, moreover, the authorities have been busy providing increased facilities for treating cholera patients and to-day an orphanage, refitted as a hospital, and eight cholera barracks have been opened. Physicians have been placed on duty at all railway stations and orders for more dead wagons have been sent out by the health officials.

A Colored Editor.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 5.—L. E. Christy, editor of the Indianapolis *World* and one of the most prominent men of the state, has recently been converted to the Democratic faith and announces that he intends to support the entire Democratic ticket at the coming election. Mr. Christy has been a life long Republican and his departure from the ranks of the Grand Old party will doubtless be a source of surprise to the colored people of the state. During the last national campaign he was one of Harrison's most enthusiastic supporters, but his eyes have been opened since then.

He says: "I have been a slave to the Republican party since the day when I cast my first vote. But I have made up my mind to think and vote as I please hereafter. I have long since ascertained that the glorious promises which are held out to people of my color by Republican office seekers on the eve of an election invariably fail to materialize, and is seems to me that it is high time we were calling a halt on such dupery."

Perilous Ride on a Cowcatcher.

NORRISTOWN, Sept. 4.—Miss Ellen Wheatly, aged 16 years, is lying at her home in Lower Merion township slowly recovering from the shock occasioned by a wild ride of several miles on the cowcatcher of a locomotive. Last Sunday night Miss Wheatly was walking along the top of a high embankment running parallel to the main line of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad a little above Bridgeport. Sudden y her foot slipped and she fell down the embankment directly in front of an approaching train. She landed squarely on her feet on the cowcatcher and held on with all the strength of despair. The accident had happened so quickly and noiselessly that in the intense darkness the trainmen were unaware of the occurrence. The train sped on and finally stopped at Valley Forge, seven miles away, and the young girl, tottering from her perilous position, lost insensible on the platform.

Kills the Horse.

LaColle is a little station on the Pennsylvania railroad, just below New Florence. Last evening it was the scene of an accident by which two persons almost lost their lives. As it was their horse was killed, and their wagon broken to pieces. Armour Arentrue and wife, who live in Indiana county, the line of which is not more than a mile away from Lacolle, had been visiting at the home of Mr. Arentrue's brother, about three miles from Lacolle. They started to return about 7 o'clock in the evening, and with their horse and wagon were crossing the railroad when an engine running wild, which they had not noticed, struck between the horse and wagon, killing the horse and knocking the wagon and its occupants to one side of the track. Neither were injured.

May Slip Up on Election Booths.

There appears to be some doubt as to the ability of the Marquette Manufacturing Company to turn out all the election booths necessary to supply the several counties of this state for the approaching November election. Over 10,000 of the 23,000 required are still to be manufactured, and the manager of the company says it will require steady work, with no mishaps, to complete the contract by November 1st. The state pays for the booths, annexes, and guard rail, while the expense of supplying the ballot box holding houses, and extra large table is borne by the county. Cambria county is safe, having been supplied with her full quota—364. Bedford county also has hers—210, and Westmoreland hers—509. Somerset county remains to be supplied.

Freaks of an Empress.

VIENNA, Sept. 5.—The erratic Empress of Austria has excited fresh doubts as to her sanity by beginning to take treatment under the directions of Parson Sebastion Kneipp. She is eating rye bread, drinking great quanties of water, abstaining from meat and going without corsets. This mode of life is what Parson Kneipp calls "natural treatment," and hence he is known throughout Austria as the "natural doctor." This most remarkable theory is that going barefoot cures nervousness. The Empress of Austria has not hesitated and swallowed this bit of quackery and daily before breakfast she removes her shoes and stockings and walks in the damp grass of the garden.

Deed of a Fiendish Horse Thief.

WARREN, O., Sept. 4.—A horse and rig belonging to a farmer by the name of Anderson was stolen last night from Levittsburg, three miles west of here. Nothing was seen of the animal until this morning, when it was found five miles out in the country with its throat cut, 45 stabs on its back and disemboweled. After an all-day's drive through the country Marshal Eggleston captured Dan Deitrick, a farm laborer. He was brought to jail here. Deitrick was suspected from the first, and when captured his clothes were all bloodstained and he carried a jack knife covered with gore.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 7th.

THE city is full of strangers tonight, and most of them have already found their way to the great building, which gleams like a gigantic glow-worm in the dark and rather unromantic region of the Point. Literally with a great flourish of trumpets, for Jules Levy and his redoubtable band are there, the Exposition of 1892 was thrown open to the public this evening at eight o'clock. It can be said without the slightest fear of contradiction that Pittsburgh has never had an Exposition so brilliant; even at the first glance the improvement in the buildings themselves and in the exhibits is apparent. There is practically nothing in the Exposition that was seen here last year; the main hall itself has been greatly beautified by the painting of the raftered roof in bright tones of white and red. As the crowd circulated among the booths they found a multitude of things to admire, and the decorations and lighting of the great halls came in for a great deal of praise. The accomodation for all who want to rest and watch the endless procession of sightseers is larger than ever this year, but to-night every seat was taken. It was an enthusiastic crowd; not one among the thousands present but was astonished and delighted.

The new gallery opposite the bandstand will evidently be greatly appreciated, as it was crowded to-night, while every seat upon the ground floor was also occupied. Jules Levy's Band is a superb organization, and the initial concert of the season delighted the immense audience. The Levy Band will remain here till October 1st, when Miss Raymond and Ellis Brooks with their famous organization will arrive to supply the music for the balance of the Exposition season. Mr. Levy is as wonderful a performer upon the cornet as ever. His solos tonight electrified the people. He seems to be one of the few men who can get sweetness and poetic feeling out of the cornet as well as martial clangor and stirring appeal. It is said that Miss Raymond who will appear at the exposition later on, in addition to being a remarkably fine figure of a woman, as the

accompanying portrait indicates, is a feminine Levy in the mastery of the cornet. She has been creating a sensation at the eastern summer resorts, and much is expected of her visit to Pittsburgh in October.

There was indeed music enough in and about the Exposition to-night, for in addition to Levy's Band inside the main hall, a steam organ pumped melody of the latest and most popular brand all over the young people who mounted the horses, lions, zebras, deer, and other animals upon the monster merry-go-round, which has been erected at the extreme western end of the Exposition grounds. From to-night's experience it is plain that the merry-go-round, will be immensely popular. The comely pagoda in which this big plaything is housed is so roomy that hundreds can sit and look on while the troop of animals, including a handsome rooster by the way, with its laughing riders swiftly revolves. Comfortable seats have been provided for spectators, and mothers with large families will appreciate the privilege of being able to rest and still keep an eye on the venturesome small boy.

But talking of comfortable seats it must be acknowledged that those to be found in the new concert hall which has been added to the main building are simply perfection in their way. The hall itself is a most cheery place, with lofty walls wainscotted from floor to ceiling with polished yellow pine, and brilliantly lit with electric lights. The seats, of which there are 800, are of hard beat

wood, nicely curved as to back and seat so as to accomodate the fattest man while the space between the rows is so wide that Goliath himself would have lots of room there to stretch out his legs. Seated in one of these chairs the visitor to the Exposition may travel anywhere and everywhere. This sounds strange but the explanation is that Prof. Cromwell will occupy the stage in this pretty little hall, and by the magic of his stereopticon and his eloquence, transport the audience this minute to the sun-lit palaces of the Pharoahs, the next to foggy London or the banks of the Seine in that city to which some Americans hope to go when they die. Professor Cromwell says that he never found a hall that suited his purpose so well as this one; the electric lighting apparatus fitting in so well with the lecturer's stereoscopic arrangements, and making easy those startling transitions from one scene to another, which are a part of the charm of Professors Cromwell's entertainments. Some idea of the range and character of these personally conducted world tours may be gleaned from the itinerary which Mr. Cromwell announces. It includes visits to Paris, London, Chicago and the wild West, Rome, Berlin, Sweden and Norway, Italy, Jerusalem and the Holy Land, Ireland, Switzerland, and a host of other interesting cities and lands. All these places are brought before the audience through the medium of immense photo graphic views. Professor Cromwell's stereopticon is a superb instrument and the pictures he produces with it are realistic to a degree. Nor does he deal with cold bricks and mortar, or inanimate nature exclusively; when he takes you into England he shows you the home-life of its people, and his lectures on Paris include such interesting excursions from the beaten track as glimpses of the great World's Fair held there recently, which it is Chicago's ambition to eclipse. In every journey there are stops for refreshments as it were, when Professor Cromwell exhibits masterpieces of painting and sculpture from the art galleries of Europe, or some notable allegory such as "The Rock of Ages." But good as the pictures are Mr. Cromwell's descriptive powers are better still, and foreign lands are brought vividly before the spectator.

The machinery hall, as well as the floor and gallery of the main building, is filled with interesting exhibits, and the only complaint heard among the visitors tonight is that there is really more in the Exposition this year than can be comfortably seen or heard in one visit. The rivalry between the great dry goods houses of the two cities has resulted in a magnificent display of those things that fire the feminine heart; dreams of lace and silk, furs that would bankrupt a Croesus to buy, ducks of bonnets and more wonderful devices for enchanting our better half's charms than a man could find names for. The array of useful and beautiful manufactures is unusually richest and varied, and such specialties as the great bicycle exhibit, which has a house all to itself outside the Exposition proper, will be found of great interest. In short it only seems fair to the Exposition management to congratulate them upon their ingenuity and enterprise in improving so much upon their former efforts.

The immense throngs that visited the Expositon to-night and their evident delight, indicate that from the very start the attendance will be larger than ever before.

JOHN S. KAUFMANN.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Over forty barns have been destroyed by fire from lightning and other causes in Bucks county the present season.

—Mercer county farmers have sold about 400,000 pounds of wool this season—more than they have sold for some years past.

—A bogus horse doctor has skipped from Washington, Pa., where he was under $300 bail for malpractice in killing a valuable horse belonging to Charles Spriggs. He is wanted in various Ohio towns for similar offenses.

—Jeannette, Pa., is reported to be in very bad sanitary condition. A creek runs through the town, and into this all refuse is dumped, and only when a heavy rain occurs is the stream clean. The state board of health has been notified.

—In Lancaster county tobacco is grown on so many farms that animals as well as people are familiar with the weed and use it. George Cross, who lives at Marietta, has a goat that chews tobacco regularly, and enjoys nothing better than the smoke of a good home-make cigar.

—William Henry Allen, an inmate of the Minnesota Soldiers' Home, has received notice that by the death of a brother in California he has fallen heir to a large estate valued at $10,000,000 to $20,000,000. A nephew of the brother gets the largest portion, $6,000,000. Allen was formerly an artist in Minneapolis.

—Currents of water serve to a vast extent the purpose of distributing seeds. Walnut, butternut and pecan trees are found close to streams, where they drop their nuts into the passing flood, to be carried far away and start other groves perhaps hundreds of miles distant. Tree seeds of many sorts are carried by oceanic currents.

—Twenty millions of acres of land in the State of Washington are covered with a growth of wood which will cut an average of 25,000 feet of merchantable lumber per acre. Much of it in the vicinity of Port Crescent will cut an average of 100,000 feet and more to the acre, while single trees are common that will cut 3,000 feet.

—Crows can be taught to speak almost as easily as parrots. There is a tame crow kept on William Hinkle's farm at Newport, Perry county, which has been taught to fly into the fields where the workmen are at work at noon, and say: "Come to dinner." The knowing bird regularly carries all the family's letters to and from the postoffice.

—John Speck, the son of Joseph Speck, of Washington township, York county, Pa., was the victim of a horrible accident on Friday. He was plowing, and one of the horses kicked over the trace. The young man was trying to get the horse back in its proper place when the team started to run. Speck's foot caught in the trace chain and he was dragged over the field and out into the road at a galloping speed. The horses ran a mile with their human load dragging behind, when they were caught. Speck was frightfully bruised, and it is thought, will die.

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THE first cost of a sewing machine is but a trifle compared to that which the final possessor is compelled to pay. It is plainly the middlamen that must have the profits that keep up the high prices. In view of this it is a pleasure for us to say that we have finally secured the right to a magnificent machine—"The Columbia"—that we will be able to have on exhibition on the main floor of our building some time daring the present week. We claim and know that we can show that the "Columbia" is the nearest to perfection of any machine in the market successfully combining simplicity, durability, reliability, speed, strength and beauty. Some of these excellencies are automatic bobbin winder, double 4-motion drop feed stitch regulator with scale, spring tension cylinder shuttle, self-setting needle, self-threading shuttle, extremely light running and quiet, and strong and exceedingly handsome. We will be able to sell this incomparable machine, we are still more glad to say, at less than half the popular prices, from the fact that we will have no rent to pay, will employ no one to go from house to house to solicit, and other advantages we possess for saving expenditures, all of which will be taken off the price of the machine to our customers. Every machine is guaranteed for 10 years to be exactly as represented, a point to be considered.

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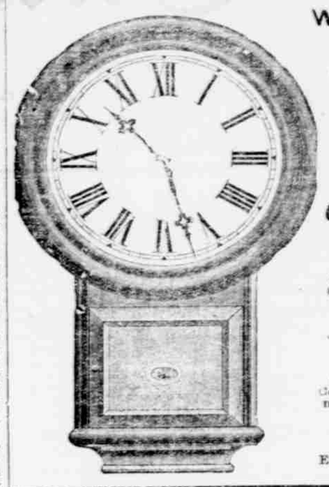

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FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
—OF THE—
GREAT PITTSBURG EXPOSITION
SEPTEMBER 7 TO OCTOBER 23, INCLUSIVE.
UNEQUALED ATTACTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Four Concerts daily, afternoon and evening, by the Bands under the direction of JULES LEVY and ELLIS BROOKS, of New York. These artists are unrivalled in their profession. An exhaustive and comprehensive exhibit, in PRACTICAL OPERATION, of the best and most recent inventions in the line of GAS SAVING APPLIANCES. Cookery of all kinds, such as game, bread, etc., done in the building. This exhibit will be especially valuable to hotel proprietors, housekeepers and everyone who desires to learn how to cook food properly, and at the same time economically.

The finest and most novel collection of exhibits in all departments ever seen on public exhibition. The management has purchased the largest and most attractive CAROUSSELL or MERRY-GO-ROUND, ever built, for the enjoyment of its patrons.

SPECIAL.—PROF. CROMWELL will give four Illustrated Lectures in the new hall daily. These lectures are extremely interesting, lasting one hour each. An extra admission of ten cents will be charged those who desire to attend these delightful entertainments.

With the above exception, prices of admission will remain a heretofore.

ADULTS, 25 CENTS. CHILDREN, 15 CENTS.

Consult Your Railroad Agent for Rates.

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THE PRESIDENT, Washington, Pa.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - SEPTEMBER 9, 1892.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—The days are growing shorter.

—Pay the printer and you need have no fear of cholera.

—Mr. John Schwab, of Loretto, was in town on Monday.

—Fall seeding is now engaging the farmers' attention.

—Forepaugh's circus will exhibit at Altoona on the 17th inst.

—Work was commenced on the new addition to the jail on Monday.

—Mrs. Cornelia Porter, of this place, is visiting friends in Luzerne county.

—Mr. Joseph Rearer, of Carroll township spent a few hours in town on Thursday.

—Mr. Cornelius Dever, of Munster township was a visitor to our office on Wednesday.

—Mr. John Ferguson, of Blacklick township was a visitor to our office on Thursday.

—Mr. Charles C. Anna, one of St. Boniface's enterprising citizens, was in town on Monday.

—Ex-Sheriff Joseph A. Gray of Carrolltown, was a visitor to Ebensburg to-day (Thursday.)

—You can't tell how much money a man has in his pocket book by the size of the engagement it

—A Democratic candidate in Lehigh county distributed free 10,000 lead pencils among the voters.

—John Sharbaugh, Esq., and Mr. Paul McKenna, of Summit, were visitors to our city on Monday.

—It is expected that the tracks of the Juniata & Clearfield railroad will reach Carrolltown this week.

—The tavern license of John Crouse, at Cresson Springs was transferred to W. J. O'Donnell at Court this week.

—Thirty-two new houses have been built in Lilly during the present summer and are in the process of erection.

—George J. Akers, local editor of the Johnstown *Tribune*, was in town for several days during the present week.

—Ex-Associate Judge Thomas, of Carrolltown, accompanied by his wife, is visiting friends in Ebensburg on Wednesday.

—Ground has been broken at Lilly for the erection of water works and that borough will soon be supplied with plenty of good water.

—The saw mill of Joseph Glesner, near Beaverdale, was destroyed by fire on Friday night together with a considerable amount of lumber.

—Mr. Emmet Mulvehill, of this place, was taken suddenly ill with cholera morbus on Monday, but we learn is on a fair way to recovery.

—Rev. Father Deasy, of this place, and his sister Miss Julia, returned home on Sunday, after spending a couple of weeks in Boston, Mass.

—During the week of the Carrolltown fair, trains will run on the Cambria & Clearfield railroad, carrying passengers to and from Carrolltown.

—The swallows and other migratory birds are already holding preliminary meetings on the telegraph wires preparatory to their homeward flight.

—Hon. J. J. Thomas, of Carroll township, one of the Democratic candidates for Assembly, was in town for a couple of days this week moving around among his friends.

—Mr. William Tomilson, of Allegheny township, thinks he has raised the boss tomato for this season, having produced one that measured eighteen inches in circumference.

—There will be an old-time festival held at St. Augustine on Saturday night, September 10th, proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the church at that place. Everybody invited.

—On Saturday last the Shenkle grist mill property, adjoining Ebensburg borough, was sold at administrator's sale to Mr. Samuel Ludwig, of this place, the price paid being $3,900.

—Chaplain R. C. Christy Post G. A. R. will hold a grand picnic at Chest Springs on Thursday, September 15th, 1892. Everybody, including the old veterans, is invited. Let everybody attend.

—The points of the compass can be told from trees by the following simple observations: The side of a tree on which most of the moss is found is the north. If the tree be exposed to the sun the heaviest and largest limbs will be on the south side.

—Mr. William Shuman, of Jackson township, on Saturday of last week killed a blacksnake that measured six feet in length. Mr. Shuman has also been doing a lively business in killing coons, as in the last two weeks he has hung fourteen scalps on his belt.

—Under a new law in New York state the supervisors of a township can appoint three commissioners whose duty it is to examine fruit trees and compel the owners to burn such parts, or the whole if necessary, as are affected by "black rot," under a penalty of $25.

—The Democratic senatorial conference in this district met at the Brant House in Altoona on Monday, and after taking four ballots, adjourned to meet at Johnstown at 10 o'clock, A. M. to-day (Thursday). Each ballot taken had the same result: Gurad, 3; Rhone, 3.

—Dr. T. M. Richards, of this place, since his retirement from the livery business, has resumed the practice of his profession, dentistry. He will open up his office on Main street, where all in need of his professional services will find him ready to attend to their wants.

—The following are the number of pupils enrolled in the different rooms of the public schools: Room No. 1, 46; Room No. 2, No. 3, 41; No. 4, 46; No. 5, 39; No. 6, There are several more to come which will increase the number in each to an average of about 40 or 45 pupils.

—On the kite track at Independence, Iowa, last week, two remarkable races were witnessed. Nancy Hanks lowering her record from 2:07¾ to 2:07¼, two full seconds below Sunol's best time, and Tokalon covered a mile in 2:11½, setting a new mark for stallions in a race.

—Steward Hoover, of the Almshouse went to Indiana on Tuesday to attend a law suit for the Poor Directors of Cambria. The suit originates in the attempt of the poor authorities of Indiana county to compel Cambria county to pay for the maintenance of Simon Snyder, an aged pauper.

—Thomas Fishel, of Paulton, Westmoreland county, while walking about his yard in his bare feet the other evening, was bitten on the instep by a snake. Prompt medical attention prevented any serious consequences. Subsequently the reptile, which proved to be a copperhead, 18 inches long, was discovered and dispatched.

—On Friday evening while a man named Whitehouse, of Johnstown, was returning from Pittsburg with his wife and child, the latter wandered out onto the platform and fell off the cars, near Beatty. The child was found in a ditch by the nightwatchman, badly injured, but will recover. The unfortunate little one was not missed until the train stopped at Latrobe.

—Albert McMullen, of Sinking Valley, Blair county, a prominent farmer and owner of coal lands, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. Frank McClain, of Altoona is the assignee. The assets comprise several hundred acres of land worth about $40,000; liabilities, $45,000.

—The barn of Jacob Hickman, on Plumcreek, in Indiana county, was burned to the ground on Thursday night of last week, together with all it contained, consisting of a lot of grain, hay, four valuable horses and large lot of farming implements. The barn is supposed to have been set on fire.

—Mr. John Riffel, of Summit, will offer for sale at his premises in that place on Saturday, September 17th, 1892, at one o'clock, P. M., one house and lot and fifteen acres of ground adjoining the Summit, with a good barn thereon, about eleven tons of hay, a lot of potatoes, household and kitchen furniture. A reasonable credit will be given.

—James Hagan, of Center township, has a real live curiosity. His house recently gave birth to four lively kittens. Three of them were common every day kittens, but the fourth one is something out of the regular order. The face and ears are those of a cat, but the feet and body back of the head are those of a rabbit, and instead of walking it jumps just like a well regulated rabbit. He has taken it to Johnstown for exhibition.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—On Monday morning, W. A. Ferguson, a brakeman in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad was killed at South Fork by a collision of the 8:30 coal train from South Fork and an east bound freight train. The fireman and engineers of both trains saved themselves by jumping when they saw that a collision was unavoidable. Ferguson was in the rear of the tender and was horribly crushed. About ten cars were wrecked along with two locomotives and tenders.

—The proprietor of the Hotel Pantall, at Punxsutawney, put a rat in a box in which were five large rattlesnakes. The rodent was so overcome with fear that he dropped prostrate to the floor. The snakes thinking him dead would not touch him. Then the rat plucked up courage, bit a snake in the back, and for four hours he eluded the angry reptiles that struck at him dozens of times. Finally one of the deadly fangs penetrated the rodent's neck and in ten minutes the rat was an ignominious corpse.

—This month the new postal money orders will go into use. The system is such that there is little or no complication, and at the same time it is a good way to send money. A sheet calling for amounts from one cent to $5 has been prepared, and which on payment of one cent and the amount to be sent, will be torn off about the same as an express order. There will be no writing on it by the postmaster, the sender endorsing it as a check or draft. The government guarantees its safe transportation. It is thought the system will be used extensively by the senders of small amounts.

—Miss Sarah Evans, a domestic who had been employed up until Tuesday evening by Mrs. E. Roberts, of this place, when she went to visit the family of Mr. Frank Devereaux, a relative in Cambria township, about noon on Wednesday, in a fit of melancholia attempted to cut her throat with a pair of sheep shears. She was discovered while making the effort to end her existence and the shears taken from her before she had succeeded in doing herself any serious injury. Dr. Jones, of this place, was called, who stitched up the wound and has no doubt that she will soon recover. She is a native of Wales, about twenty-five years of age and came to this country about five years ago.

—John Kaylor, a laborer in the Juniata shops at Altoona, met with an accident at noon on Wednesday that cost him his life. On his way home to dinner, to avoid a passing wagon, he stepped on a street car track directly in front of an approaching car. The power of the car was reversed, but too late. The man was knocked down and the wheels of the front truck passed over his body. He was terribly crushed and mangled and died at the hospital on Wednesday afternoon. The victim of the sad accident was 22 years old and was a son of William and Amanda Kaylor, residing in Altoona. He was born in Loretto, Cambria county, and went to Altoona five years ago. Besides his parents he leaves one brother and two sisters: Irvin Kaylor, Lucy, wife of Simon Karstetter, and Miss Bertha Kaylor.

—One of our subscribers from Clearfield township was here on Monday and told a good joke on Mr. R., one of his neighbors. On Saturday night it was very dark and our friend was called out from his house by Mr. R. and told to bring a lantern as there was something wrong with his check lines. Our friend went out with his lantern, the two men examined the harness and soon fixed up the lines, and Mr. R. was about ready to start when our friend walked back behind the wagon with the lantern and discovered that the wagon had lost one of its wheels. They went back some distance, found the wheel and put it on the wagon, when Mr. R. started on his way rejoicing, thinking it a good joke on himself that he was able to discover there was something wrong with his check lines but had failed to discover the loss of a wheel.

—Mrs. Margaret Mills, relict of the late William Mills, of this place, died at Kane, Pa., on Monday last after a brief illness. Mrs. Mills had been sick for some time but was able to be about, and a short time ago started on a visit to her daughter, Jennie, who is the wife of Mr. Kebler, of that place. On Sunday night she complained of being ill, and on Monday morning she became much worse and soon expired. She leaves to survive her five daughters: Jennie, who who is married to Mr. John Kebler and resides at Kane, Pa., and Rose, Annie, Lizzie and Flora, who are single and reside at home; and one son, Harry, who also resides at home. She is also survived by one brother, William Maher, of New York City, and three sisters, Mrs. Patrick Moran, of Loretto; Mrs. Ann Tuey, of Gallitzin, and Mrs. Judy Kerna, of Bennington.

—On Monday last Stanley Miller, of Reade township, while on his way home from a picnic held at Hastings was thrown from a wagon near Thomas' Mills in Elder township, and instantly killed. Mr. Miller in company with his brother Charles was returning home in a buggy and when they reached the hill near Thomas' Mills, turned out to let a wagon pass them. The wagon in passing caught on one of the buggy wheels and damaged it so that it was unsafe to ride in. Mr. Miller then got into the wagon and had scacely got seated when the horses got frightened and started to run off. The driver held on to the horses until the lines broke when he lost control and the frightened animals dashed down the road and getting too close to a steep embankment, the wagon and its occupants were toppled over. Mr. Miller in falling struck his head on a large boulder which crushed his skull and death was almost instantaneous. The other occupants were all more or less hurt but none of them seriously.

Reunion of the Army of the Cumberland.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that for the benefit of those desiring to attend the interesting reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, to be held at Chattanooga, Tenn., September 15th and 16th, a rate of fare and a third on the certificate plan has been authorized. Application should be made to T. Watt, passenger agent, Western district, Pittsburg, Pa.

Another Murder.

On Saturday night Jacob W. Rose, a farmer, of Adams township, got into an altercation at Elton with Oliver Roberts, of Johnstown, when the latter struck Rose on the head with a stone. The people standing by kept Rose from falling and he soon apparently recovered from the effects of the blow and started for home in company with George Heisel and Philip Helbig. After going about a mile Rose complained of feeling sick and his companions left him lying in a fence corner. On Sunday his dead body was found by Kip Bennet, who happened to be passing along the road.

A post mortem examination was held by Drs. Luther and Livingstone who found Rose's skull fractured for a length of three inches, and at an inquest held testified before the jury, who rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a wound inflicted with some blunt instrument in the hands of Oliver Roberts.

An information was made by George W. Miller, a brother-in-law of the deceased, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Oliver Roberts and Harry Fernando Thomas, who was with Roberts at the time the blow was struck. Thomas was arrested but Reberts has thus far eluded arrest.

Jacob W. Rose was about 35 years of age and leaves a wife and several children.

A singular coincidence in connection with the killing of Rose is the fact that his father met his death in nearly the same manner, having been struck on the head with a piece of scantling at his saw mill at Scalp Level in 1876 by John W. Seese, from the effects of which he died the same day.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, September 7, 1892:

Theodore Valenti and Peppino Perozzi, Hastings.

John Kohan, Johnstown, and Mary Vancicko, Brownstown.

Levi Ripple and Amanda Horner, Adams township.

William H. Bowers, Johnstown, and Elsie Gates, Lower Yoder township.

George Jorekeo and Mary Morris, Benscreek.

William Kane and Adaline Jane Myers, Cassandra.

John Hurdock and Annie Muzanock, Gallitzin.

Mark Massola and Annie Merew, Gallitzin.

Johan Pelsoczly and Mary Szabados, Johnstown.

Daniel Custer and Flora B. Davis, Conemaugh.

D. H. Bracken and Christina Wess, Cambria township.

Edgar Beard, Indiana county, and Jennie E. Skelly, Jackson township.

John A. Carlson and Karen N. Bruhn, Johnstown.

John A. Haukle, Franklin, and Kate McGovern, East Conemaugh.

John Lupek and Annie Collenich, Johnstown.

George Gaydos and Kate Toker, Johnstown.

Frederick Kostozewn and Bertha Ladzick, Ehrenfield.

Hon. L. D. Woodruff for Congress.

The Democratic congressional conference convened in Parlor E of the Logan House at 10:30 on Monday night. The district comprises the counties of Bedford, Blair, Cambria and Somerset. The delegates present were: D. S. Horn and C. W. Brodie, Bedford county; Albert Heffley and R. J. Vought, Somerset county; Dr. A. N. Wakefield, Alderman John J. Devlin and George Bauer, of Johnstown, Cambria county. An organization was effected by the election of D. S. Horn, of Bedford, as chairman, and A. N. Wakefield, of Johnstown, as secretary. After transacting some routine business, the conference adjourned to meet on Tuesday when Hon. L. D. Woodruff, of this county, was nominated. The ballots were as follows:

First ballot—Kerr, Somerset and Blair, 6 votes; Woodruff, Bedford and Cambria, 6 votes.

Second ballot—Fletcher, Somerset and Blair, 6 votes; Woodruff, Bedford and Cambria, 6 votes.

Third ballot—McNamara, Somerset and Blair, 6 votes; Woodruff, Bedford and Cambria, 6 votes.

Fourth ballot—O'Connor, Somerset and Blair, 5 votes; Woodruff, Bedford, 1⅔ votes; McNamara, Bedford, 1⅔ votes; Woodruff, Cambria, 3 votes.

Fifth ballot—Woodruff, 12 votes.

Pennsylvania Railroad to the G. A. R. Encampment at Washington During September.

Undoubtedly the most interesting encampment of G. A. R. men ever held will convene at Washington during September. The interest manifested in the encampment has been national, and the Government and local authorities in the National City are making elaborate preparations for entertaining the old soldiers.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines to Washington, from September 13th to 20th, valid for return until October 10th, inclusive, at a rate of a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be valid to stop off at Baltimore and Philadelphia in each direction within limit. A stop over privilege will also be allowed at Harrisburg and other points south of Washington on foreign roads' issue of tickets from the west.

The Pennsylvania Rrilroad Company has also issued one of the most comprehensive guides as yet compiled of the National Capital.

The Pittsburg Sunday Post.

The Pittsburg *Post* will be fifty years old on Saturday, the 10th of September, and it proposes to celebrate its semi-centennial anniversary by beginning the issue of a Sunday edition on the 11th of September. This is a notable departure in journalism of Pittsburg. There is no better paper printed in that city than the *Post* and it should be found every day in the hands of Democratic readers who take a daily paper at all. In no respect has it any superior, while in the matter of Democratic politics and Democratic news it is simply impossible for Democrats who wish to keep posted touching what is going on in their party to get along without it. The Sunday *Post* will be up to the highest standard of newspaper excellence, and we hope that Democrats everywhere will give it cordial support. It will be regularly a 16-page paper, and larger as occasion may require. The price will be 5 cents. Look out for it.

Last of the Season.

The Pennsylvania & North Western Railroad Company in connection with the Buffalo Rochester & Pittsburg Railway Company will sell excursion tickets from Bellwood to Niagara Falls and return at Five Dollars for the round trip and correspondingly low rates along the road. Tickets good going Tuesday, September 13th, return coupons good to return until September 24th, on regular trains of the Buffalo Rochester & Pittsburg Railway and on regular trains of the Pennsylvania & Northwestern Railroad until September 26th., Canadian Great Industrial Fair will be held at Toronto, September 5th, to 17th. Round trip tickets from Niagara Falls will be on sale at the low rate of one dollar and fifty cents. For further information see posters or apply to ticket agents, Pennsylvania & Northwestern railroad or to

W. A. FORD,
SUPERINTENDENT,
Bellwood, Penna.

—The time for the Saturday half-holiday in this state ends with Saturday next but up to this time we have not had any of it in our dish.

How to Vote.

The voter who wants to go to the polls in November with a pretty fair understanding of his duty and what will be required of him under the new law, should carefully remember the following important features of the Baker act.

1. Number in room—Only ten voters are allowed in the voting room at once, outside the enclosed space, and only four voters in excess of the number of compartments are allowed outside the enclosed space at once. Sec. 22, 24.

2. Giving name, etc.—Voters must first go the officers in charge of the ballots and state name and address. The right to vote must be proved and the voter allowed to pass the guard rail before he can receive a ballot. Section 22.

3. Preparing ballots.—Voters must prepare their ballots forthwith and in the compartments. Section 23.

A cross (X) marked in a square at the right of a party name indicates a vote for all the candidates of that party.

A cross (X) marked in a square at the right of the name of a candidate indicates a vote for that candidate.

Crosses must be marked in the proper squares only.

If candidates of different parties are voted for the squares at the right of the party names must be left blank.

Names must not be crossed out.

Names must be inserted in the proper blank spaces only, and not in spaces where names are already printed.

Names can be inserted by writing, hand stamp, sticker or any other means not infringing on the secrecy of the ballot.

Names inserted can be marked, but this is not necessary.

Names printed on the ballot must not be inserted.

(Note.—When a candidate has died or withdrawn and a substitute is nominated after the ballots are printed, the new name is to be printed on an official sticker. See section 12. This should obviously be inserted over the name of the deceased or withdrawn candidate.)

4. Help in preparing ballots.—Voters unable to prepare their own ballots can be helped to do so but only in case of actual disability, which must be explicitly declared to the Judge. Section 29.

(Note.—To preserve order this should be done before the voter enters the enclosed space.)

A voter desiring help must himself select another voter of the district to help him. Section 27.

A voter who receives such help without being actually unable to prepare his ballot will be liable to indictment for unlawfully showing his ballot. Section 31.

A voter who attempts to influence the vote of one whom he is helping will be liable to indictment for unlawful electioneering.

(Note.—A voter who, in helping another, prepares the ballot otherwise than as desired, will be liable to indictment forgery.)

5. Folding and giving in ballots, &c.—Ballots must be folded so as to show only the endorsement. Section 29.

Where a ballot has been spoiled accidentally another can be obtained in its place on surrendering it. Section 26.

No ballot, whether marked or not, can be taken from the room. Section 27.

(Note.—As the constitution provides that every ballot "shall be numbered in the order in which it shall be received," each voter must give up each ballot to the inspector to number and deposit it, as has been the rule heretofore. By the new law the inspector must in the presence of the voter, fasten the corner securely down over number, and the voter should see that this is done and that the ballot is then placed in the box.)

6. Challenges should be made before a voter receives his ballot, if possible, but may be made at any time before he casts it.

Court Proceedings.

Court met on Monday with Judge Barker on the Bench.

Smiley Wilson, of Johnstown, was appointed foreman of the grand jury and Porter R. Miller was appointed constable to wait upon the grand jury.

The case of the Commonwealth vs Andrew Johnson, charged with desertion, was settled.

Commonwealth vs. Ellen Dignan, surety of the peace. Defendant discharged and the prosecutor, William Connors, sentenced to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. George Lehberger. Fornix et cel. Continued.

Commonwealth vs. Mrs. Otto Grober, surety of the peace. Discharged on payment of costs.

Commonwealth vs. William Stahley, keeping a ferocious dog. Jury found defendant not guilty and divided the costs between the defendant and Joseph McNickle, the prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Nickle, pointing a firearm. Jury find defendant not guilty but directed that he pay one-half the costs and William Stahley, the prosecutor, the other half.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph McNickle, surety of the peace. Sentenced to pay the costs and enter into recognizance in the sum of $200 to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. James Dronesfield, fornication and bastardy. Defendant plead guilty. The usual sentence was imposed.

Commonwealth vs. Emanuel Cover, surety of the peace. Defendant discharged on payment of costs.

Commonwealth vs. John Krole, surety of the peace. Defendant discharged and the prosecutor, Emil Krauser, sentenced to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Emil and Edward Krauser, surety of the peace. Defendants discharged and the costs divided between the defendants and John Kroll, the prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Robert Stewart, surety of the peace. Defendant discharged on payment of costs.

Commonwealth vs. Daniel Lahev, John Lahey, Patrick McNally and John Hamilton, charged with interfering with and intimidating a check-weighman. Jury find defendants guilty. A motion made for a new trial.

Commonwealth vs. Vanie and Edith Snyder, arson. Continued.

Commonwealth vs. Dennis McHugh, Jr., rape. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Eli Smith, rape. Jury out.

Commonwealth vs. Letitia Woffenden, incorigibility. Defendant discharged.

Commonwealth vs. Mary E. Rager, assault and battery. On trial.

Leaf By Leaf.

The dropping of the leaves is not always caused by the ending of summer, or the advent of the fall season, but indeed by many causes. So with the health and life of the human being. One by one they are carried to an early grave. You take a cold and say, "Oh, well it is nothing but a cold," and so it is, but if not checked in time and neglected, it leads to consumption and other diseases. Prevent it, stop it, by using a pure rye whiskey. Ministers, physicians and hospital superintendents agree in recommending as a perfect stimulant, Klein's Silver Age or Duquesne Ryes. The former sells at $1.50 and the latter at $1.25 per full quart. Sold by Ludwig & Son Johnstown Pa.

—A general miners' strike has been ordered in all the Coal Creek and Yellow Springs districts in Tennessee. Convicts are rebuilding the stockeades. Troops expect more violence.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will offer for sale at the council chamber, Ebensburg, on the fourth Monday in September, $1,200.00.

THOS. DAVIS, President.
LESTER LAMMER, Secretary.

Miscellaneous Notices.

EBENSBURG MARBLE AND GRANITE Works, as reported by a special reporter of the Johnstown *Daily Herald*.—Reliable dealers and fine goods.

"During a recent flying trip to Ebensburg the writer of this article visited the Marble and Granite Works of Jas. Wilkinson & Son, which were founded in 1850. The senior member of this progressive firm has had an experience of thirty-five years, and his son and partner is also a skilled worker. The class of work they produce is of the highest order and style. From four to five hands are employed and the very finest monuments in the county seat are specimens of their skill. Shipments are made through this and to adjoining counties.

"All kinds of cemetery work is executed and a fine line of Iron Railing is handled and sold. The stock of work kept on hand (received by the car-load) is very extensive and many very fine monuments are exhibited, two especially being executed in the rustic style and in imitation of brick-work with a finely executed cross on the top. Among the many fine monuments erected by this firm is an eight ton fifteen-feet-high monument for Sherid Griffith, monument for Father Christy (sixteen feet high), also monuments for Jacob Kibler and daughter of John Griffith. Both gentlemen give personal attention to business as well as executing the finest work. In all the time they have been in business they have adhered strictly to the maxim all goods just as represented and prices as low as the same class of work can be bought elsewhere. We have no hesitancy in recommending Messrs. Wilkinson & Son to our readers as reliable business men, progressive and trustworthy. Visit their establishment before ordering elsewhere."

☞Special attention paid to setting work.

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

aug19 1y.

FOR SALE—Farm in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa. For particulars call on or address

MRS. ELLEN O'DONNELL,
June 17 3m. Cresson, Pa.

WANTED.—A middle aged woman to do house work; small family; wages, $4 per week. Inquire of Joseph Griffin, Munster township, near Kaylor station.

A CAR LOAD of Barb Wire cheap at Dutton & Son's.

C. A. LANGBEIN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,
Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from ..... 50c. up.
Team Bridles, from ..... $1.50 up.
Leg Dusters, from ..... 40c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from ..... $6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from ..... $20.00 up.

☞Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

☞Shop Market Row on Centre street.
april29tf

JOHN PFISTER,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Hardware, Queensware,
MADE-UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
VEGETABLES IN SEASON,
HARNESS, ETC.,
OPPOSITE JUNCTION HOTEL,
CRESSON, PA.
may2 3tdy

JUST RECEIVED!
—A LARGE LOT—
Boots & Shoes
—BOUGHT AT—
Sheriff's Sale!
—FROM THE STOCK OF—
W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

TRIAL LIST.
List of causes set down for trial the second week of September, 1892:

Magennis	vs. Thomas.
Aber	vs. Cannon.
Doran et ux	vs. Piper et al.
Rutledge & Miller	vs. Cohler.
McDonald	vs. Fraser et al.
Buck	vs. Campbell.
O'Hara	vs. Kays.
Graham	vs. Morelville Castle K. of G. E.
Gardner	vs. Stoppe.
Silvis	vs. Young.
Clark	vs. Croyle.
Lloyd	vs. Dunlap et al.
N. Ewart & Co	vs. Miller.
Lytle & Co	vs. Cresswell.
Sloan	vs. Hilestein.
Parden et al	vs. Moore et al.
Zimmerman	vs. Dibert.
Kimerdinger	vs. McGough.
Notley & Harter	vs. McMullen et al.
Reinford	vs. Zimmerman.
Spiglemire & Co	vs. Heffrick.
Huguenot & Becher	vs. Leahey.
Moxley	vs. Ibl.
Costlow	vs. Dunlap House Insurance Co.
Mildren	vs. Johnstown Savings Bank.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's office, Aug. 8, 1892.

HOTEL LE GRANDE.
H. J. SCHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.
H. J. SCHETTIG.

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address
H. A. ENGLEHART,
Aug. 5, 1892. Ebensburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Charles D. Wharton, late of the township of Dean, county of Cambria, deceased, have been granted to the, a resident of Chest Springs borough, in said county, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
H. S. MERVILLE,
Administrator of Charles D. Wharton, deceased.
Chest Springs, Pa., August 19, 1892.

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

J. F. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞Office on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA
☞Office in Opera House, Centre street.

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR
THE HEAT
HAS SHRUNK
OUR PRICES

It is midsummer now—a bad time for merchants to sell goods. To liven up business we have cut the prices on all our goods to such a percentage that no man or woman can afford to pass the opportunity of taking advantage of them.

OUR PRICES ARE CUT IN HALF!

and what you buy other places for $2.00 we will sell you from now until September 10th, at $1. Can you save this amount of money by buying at any other store? Verily not

We placed in this sale

85 Pairs Ladies' Dongola Spring Heel,

Sizes 2½ to 7, at 1.25 per pair.

125 pair of

LADIES' - TOE - SLIPPERS,

From 2½ to 8 at 47c. a pair.

LADIES'

DONGOLA COMMON-SENSE OR OPERA TOE,

in sizes 2½ to 8 at 1.48 per pair.

Ladies' French Kid, High-cut, Common-sense or Opera Toe at 2.24 per pair.

We also carry a full line of ladies' cloth top Spring and Heel Shoes. Price now 2.12.

Men's Calf Dress Shoes, all shapes, at 1.98. Men's good Dress Shoes now at 1.23.

Boys' Brogans with solid sole now at 95 cents a pair, and many more bargains.

Special large display of blue prints, 50 different patterns at 5½c. per yard. Fine Bedford Cords, 36 inches wide, all new shades, go now 45c., 44 inch white Lawn at 9c., dress Ginghams at 8c., and other great bargains in the dry goods department.

A complete outfit during this sale for $10.00. The outfit consists of a suit in blue or black corded worsted, pair good Dress Shoes, Derby Hat and Suspenders. We also have great bargains in Dress Pantaloons, Shirts, Underwear, Collars and Cuffs. First arrival of the latest styles in Fall Neckwear. New Fall goods are now coming in.

SIMON & CO.,
LEADERS OF LOWEST PRICES.

A car load of Lever Spring Tooth Harrows just received at the Ebensburg Foundry.

B. & B.

GENUINE
India Silks.
A LARGE COLLECTION OF FINE ONES, 23 INCHES WIDE.
50 CENTS.

Send if you want asy. It's just as much to your interest to buy as ours to sell, when there is a chance to get such handsome PRINTED INDIA SILKS—stylish patterns—at these prices.

More people are buying PLAIN FINE SOLID BLACK INDIAS—people that are not in mourning—than ever before, not only for street and house, but for

Traveling : Dresses.

We offer as extraordinary, 50 pieces PLAIN BLACK INDIAS,

24 inches wide, - - - - 50 Cents.
27 inches wide, - - - - 65 Cents.

☞Values beyond anything heretofore sold.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

LILLY
BANKING : CO.,
LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.
LILLY BANKING CO.,
feb5'90. Lilly, Penna.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, and will be confirmed by said court on the FIRST MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1892, unless cause be shown to the contrary:
The account of Jesse H. Dimond, assignee of John and Lucinda P. McCormick.
J. C. DARBY,
Aug. 12, 1892. Prothonotary.

1892.
EBENSBURG .:. FOUNDRY
Will Have For Sale This Year:

Plows,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Cultivators,
Mowing Machines,
Reapers,
Rakes,
Sections for all Machines,
Hay Forks,
Hay Carriers,
Thrashers,
Sled Soles,
Plow Points,
Landsides
Plow Handles,
Plow Beams,
Plow Bolts,
Cook Stoves,
Ranges,
Heaters
Heating Stoves,
Furnaces,
Grates of all kinds,
Cellar Windows,
Sash Weights,
Chimney Tops,
Iron Pumps,
Bone Dust,
Wagons,
Road Carts,
Buck-Boards,
Bargies,
Sleds,
Phosphate,
Cement,
Building Paper,
Steel Roofing,
Steel Siding,
Steel Lining,
Sugar Kettles,
Road Scoops,
Grain Drills with Corn Planter Attachment.

H. A. SHOEMAKER.

"QUINN'S,"
New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

JAMES QUINN.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify.
☞TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.☜

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN,
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.
A genuine sewed shoe, that will not rip, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $6.
$4 and $5 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at the price. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $5 to $7.
$3.50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.
$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and $2.00 Workingmen's Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.
Boys' $2.00 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at the prices.
Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed, $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 Shoes. For Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3.00 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.
Caution.—W. L. Douglas' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it when you buy. Beware of dealers attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretenses.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by
C. T. ROBERTS,
Agent, EBENSBURG, PA.
ma27.3m

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
☞Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ebt7'90

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm in large profits, quick sales. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 849 Broadway, N. Y.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.
ESTABLISHED 1872.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
Carrolltown Bank,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of general banking business:

DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS
Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS
Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS
Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS
Of merchants, farm

BEFORE THE ENGINE.

Animals That Meet Death on the Railroad Track.

A Veteran Locomotive Engineer Relates His Experiences—The Animals He Most Dreads to Encounter.

"Of all animals that wander along the railroad track," declared a veteran locomotive engineer to a Washington Star reporter, "goats are the most irritating. It's next to impossible to kill them, and that's not the least tantalizing feature about them from the standpoint of our profession. No matter how fast you may be running or how quietly you steal down upon him, Mr. Goat will see you out of the corner of his eye and manage to get away just in time to miss the cowcatcher as the engine rushes by him at lightning speed. Cows and horses are generally disposed of with ease, though sometimes they get under the wheels and cause a bad wreck. But they're so large that the pilot gets under them and throws them off to one side. The goat, though, nearly always succeeds in getting us worked to a high pitch of nervousness and then contrives to get off without a scratch, and that's what we don't like.

"Speaking of striking animals on the rail," continued the engineer, "the one thing we most dread to meet on the track is a hog. Nine chances out of ten the hog'll throw you. He is tough and greasy, you know, and if an engineer has any show at all it's best for him to stop the train as quick as it can be done and drive the animal off the track.

"When the pilot of an engine hits a hog it usually knocks him down, and then rolls him for a few yards before the trucks strike him; and when they do there's great danger of their leaving the rails. The drivers are almost certain to follow the trucks, and you're lucky if you don't go down the bank. So you see what havoc one pig can make with a railroad. Another disagreeable thing about a pig is that he never stops squealing from the time he is hit until he is stone dead.

"Sheep are the most pitiful of all animals to run down. They seem to realize the danger they're in and huddle together between the rails awaiting death. Their innocent eyes stare at you so mournfully and sadly that they haunt you for days to come. A locomotive seems to take a savage delight in destroying sheep. It throws them in every direction and will kill a whole flock in an instant.

"I struck a flock of geese once," proceeded the engineer. "Well, I never thought there were so many feathers in the world. I couldn't see anything but feathers for ten minutes, and when we reached the station my engine looked as if she had received a coat of tar and feathers."

Here the engineer's eyes began to sparkle, and he stopped talking to hold his fat sides, shaken with suppressed laughter over a funny recollection. "Mentioning feathers," he explained after a pause, "recalls to my mind a comical experience I had a few years ago in running a fast limited passenger train over the Pennsylvania main line from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia. We'd gone through the town of Huntingdon, on the Juniata, without slacking up, and had whirled safely around the base of the ridge east of there, when we struck a little stretch of straight level between high dirt banks known as Snyder's cut. I cast my eyes on ahead as we scudded along to a wagon road crossing near the lower end of the cut. Just as we approached it a two-horse team was driven down from the turnpike at the right side, apparently with the intention to cross. But instead of crossing the team stood still. Two men were in the wagon, and they seemed to be having an altercation as to whether they should cross or go back. As a compromise they just stood there on the track. I reversed the engine and whistled down brakes, but it was too late. We struck the team square in the middle, and then—O, my!"

Here the engineer laughed without restraint. Then he resumed: "The men in the wagon were evidently farmers returning from town in a boisterous humor after a day's marketing, carrying home a queer cargo of 'store goods.' Curious to relate they weren't hurt in the least, nor were the horses. The wagon, until we cut it clean in two, contained a feather bed, a keg of nails and a barrel of whisky.

"Now we struck them all at the same instant. The nails flew way up in the sky, as it seemed, and came down with a peppering rattle over the roofs of all the coaches in the train for at least five minutes. The feathers scattered far and wide through the air like a driving snowstorm and seemed to come from a thousand bursted feather beds instead of one. The whisky got mixed with the feathers, and spurted high up in every direction, falling in a fine spray principally over the engine, the tender and the first couple of coaches. The whisky and feathers clung to the tops and sides of the cars and against the window panes for the remainder of the trip, and the passengers, as I was told afterward, all got thirsty with vain longings from sniffing the rum-soaked atmosphere. It was altogether the funniest mess I ever was in, and the strangest combination. Think of it—nails, whisky and feathers—all flying through the air and following us for miles and miles. O, my!" And the jolly engineer laughed again and again, until he actually cried, at the picture he had in mind.

TOM THUMB'S TIPPLE.

The Dwarf's Ingenious Device to Obtain His Toddy.

Gen. Tom Thumb became a slave to the drink habit in his latter days. After Barnum had taken him to Europe and had advertised him very extensively a shrewd theatrical manager conceived the idea of starring him in a lilliputian play. A contract was signed and the tour began. The general had no dramatic ability, but the play gave him very little work to do and people turned out to see the famous little man whom Barnum's genius had made known the world over. He proved a great drawing card for awhile. Then he began to drink heavily and very often disappointed large audiences by being unable to appear.

After seeing his money squandered in this manner until patience ceased to be a virtue the manager decided to adopt heroic measures. He set himself to watch the general and never let the little fellow get out of his sight for a moment.

At St. Louis the manager had occasion to leave the hotel for an hour and, determined not to take any chances, locked the general in his room. When he returned he was struck speechless with astonishment. The door was locked, but stretched upon the floor was Tom Thumb, as drunk as a lord.

No sooner had the manager left than the general rattled the door until he attracted the attention of a bellboy. Slipping a dollar under the door, he instructed the boy to go to a saloon, buy a pint of whisky and an ordinary clay pipe. When the boy returned the general told him to put the pipestem through the keyhole and pour the liquor into the pipe-bowl. He did so, and the dwarf, standing on tiptoe, placed his lips to the pipestem and drank himself into total unconsciousness.—Chicago Mail.

The difference in women.

Some women are tireless in their home work. Some are tireless in their work for the church. They laugh, they sing, and are happy.

You remain at home broken-hearted, for you are utterly unable to make any effort whatever.

The horror of "Female Complaints" is upon you; you have that distressing "bearing-down" feeling, your back aches, you are nervous and despondent, don't care to move, want to be left alone, your digestion is bad, and you are wholly prostrated.

Ah! dear sister, don't you know that Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound* will reach the cause of all this trouble, and you will surely be well.

Don't hesitate. Get the remedy at once. It will cure you sure.

All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Correspondence freely answered. Address as confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., LYNN, MASS. Lover Pills, 25c.

Yours for Health, Lydia E. Pinkham

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Mareen, Basutoland, (S. Africa,) March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure in testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BONES,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

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Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE **WHISKERS**

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

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STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Insects Can Find Their Homes Under the Greatest Difficulties.

Exactly how insects, especially bees and ants, find their way back after having flown or been taken some miles from the home hive or ant hill, is one of the mysteries of animated nature.

A young naturalist, who lived fourteen miles from a large city, frequently made it a point to test this homing instinct in the common Italian bee. He would carefully color their wings with red, blue or violet ink, pack them snugly in a box and carry them to the very heart of the city before releasing them, says the Philadelphia Press.

With few exceptions they were at home working away unconcernedly when the experimenter returned in the evening. On one occasion, according to a prearranged plan, he turned six bees loose in the city at six o'clock in the morning. He had previously colored the wings of each with red ink, so that his confederate and co-experimenter, a sister who also had an entomological taste, could not possibly be mistaken as to the exact time of their arrival.

The first one reached the home hive at twenty-two minutes past two. Before five three more of them had safely arrived, but were seemingly much fatigued.

At nightfall the fifth and sixth of the home-loving little insects had not put in an appearance. Bright and early the next morning, however, the young scientists were overjoyed to find all the red-winged honey gatherers humming merrily about their work.

Experiments with large black ants were equally satisfactory. The same scientist tied yellow silk about the "waists" of three large-sized specimens that lived in a hollow tree in the heart of a large wood. These were carried distances varying from one to five miles from their homes, but invariably returned within a surprisingly short time.

HER FATHER'S DINNER.

A Pretty Sight Witnessed on a New York Street Car.

Car No. 199 went rattling up Fourth avenue the other noon at a great rate.

A breakdown in the Bowery had blocked the track and delayed travel nearly half an hour. To make up the lost time the horse tore along and the car bobbed up and down like a sunbaked dug-out dancing on the bay.

No stop was made to take on passengers, nor did the driver slacken speed until he reached Twenty-seventh street.

Then he began to whistle softly and study the people along the west side of the avenue. He was a slightly-built man about forty years of age, but weather-beaten, bent and wrinkled from exposure and unremitting toil.

As the car approached Twenty-ninth street it slowed up and the tune became merrier and louder, says the New York Evening World. Then both stopped for a moment and a little girl in a gingham dress and a Tam O'Shanter, with dancing brown hair and apple-red cheeks, came up to the front platform and, with a "hello, papa!" that made her blue eyes twinkle and her red cheeks dimple, laid a lunch basket at the driver's feet. A passenger who stepped aside looked at the child with admiration and at the man with envy, then gave a sigh and continued smoking.

Like a deer she flew across the cobblestones, the sun and wind gilding and tangling her beautiful hair, and reaching the sidewalk she waited with her little hand pressed to her mouth. She watched the car with childish eagerness until a figure leaned over the step and a bronzed face turned smilingly toward her, and then she threw the kiss that sweetened the noonday and seasoned the dinner of a happy man.

WHAT AILED THE CAKE.

Bridget Meant Well, But Her Efforts Were Unsuccessful.

It is said that good cooks, like good nurses, are "born, not made." In this opinion a lady who has recently struggled with the ignorance and stupidity of a servant who was "willin' and anxious, ma'am," fully concurs, says the Youth's Companion.

"Now see what a nice loaf of cake you can make from this receipt, Bridget," said the mistress one morning. "Remember the things I have told you; there's no reason why you shouldn't have as light a loaf of cake as anybody."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bridget, "I'll remember iverything, an' I'll warrant I'll be afther givin' you a foine loaf."

But when the loaf was at last withdrawn from the oven by the despairing Bridget, it presented anything but a light and well-baked aspect.

"What iver can be the matter with it?" groaned poor Bridget when she had summoned her mistress to inspect the uninviting panful.

"Did you remember to put baking-powder in the flour, Bridget?" queried the lady.

"The bakin'-powder is in it all right, ma'am," responded Bridget, "but niver a bit av flour. I put in corn-starch, ma'am, in place av the flour."

"Corn-starch!" gasped the mistress.

"Indade, yis, ma'am!" said Bridget. "You said you wanted the cake very light, and it was yoursilf was tellin' me the other day how much lighter corn-starch was than flour, so I just put in two heapin' cups av corn-starch, ma'am!"

A CHILD'S BARGAIN.

She Purchased an Infant at a Great Sacrifice.

The following true story is told in the "Journal of Emily Shore." It illustrates the truth that if one really desires an article, the most sensible way is to purchase it as soon as an opportunity occurs.

A little girl near us was one day playing before the house, when a woman appeared and begged a few pence. She had a baby in her arms, and the child was so delighted with the little thing that she asked the woman if she would sell it to her.

"What will you give for it, miss?" was the counter-question.

"Half-a-crown."

"Very well," said the woman. "Let's see the money."

It was produced, and the sale made. The little girl took the baby, carried it upstairs and laid it on her bed, and, after she had fondled it "enough for once," scampered away downstairs, calling to her mother:

"Mamma, mamma! I've got a live doll! I always wanted one, and now I've got it."

The baby was found, and the story frankly told, but though the beggar woman was sought all over the town, no trace of her could be discovered. Meanwhile the baby's little "owner" begged so hard that it should be kept that the parents yielded, and the living doll became a household blessing.

Continental Currency.

Along in the latter part of the last century the continental money issued to the extent of $240,000,000 had been sinking out of sight. Just before the final collapse a desperate effort was made to hold up the currency, but notwithstanding all that the government, aided by the leading men of that period, could do, a dozen eggs sold for $5,000 in continental paper money, and a silk hat of the period, which would be worth $7, cost $140,000 in continental currency. The word was burned into the language, and then, as now, the utter worthlessness of a thing was conveyed by the expression: "It is not worth a continental."

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TAKE THIS TO HEART.

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STORY & CLARK ORGANS,

all of which you know leads the musical world in quality and character of their goods. While we put the prices down to you at such rates, and on such

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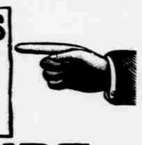

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from obscurity live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on past, present, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace her chance, and she grants out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the golden opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise, that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give at least a grand start in life. The golden opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home. Wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $20 per day. You can do as well as the best. No work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you grow. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is compartively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how. Free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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MEAT EATERS.

They Are Freer from Disease Than Persons Living on Mixed Diet.

Many races of men live entirely on animal food, and these are the most hardy, and, from all that I have been able to gather on the subject, says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, the most free from diseases of all kinds. Sir Francis Head says of the Pampas Indians: "They are all horsemen, or, rather, pass their lives on horseback. In spite of the climate which is burning hot in summer and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked and have not even a covering for their head. They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a cacique, but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good there are they to be found until it is consumed by their horses, and they then instantly move to a more verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit nor vegetables, but they subsist entirely on the flesh of their mares." Describing the effect on himself of this diet, Sir Francis says: "After I had been riding three or four months and had lived on beef and water I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me, although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak; yet a few hours' sleep upon my saddle on the ground always so completely restored me that for a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise and ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten or twelve horses a day. This will explain the immense distances which people in South America are said to ride, which I am confident could only be done on beef and water." The Gouachos of the Argentine Republic live entirely on roast beef and salt, scarcely ever tasting farinaceous or other vegetable food, and their sole beverage is mate or Paraguay tea, taken without sugar.

CLOVE VICTIMS.

Over-Indulgence in the Condiment Is Often Fatal.

A physical wreck from eating cloves. Odd as it may seem to the non-professional person, this condition is not at all uncommon in those who carry this foolish habit to excess.

Comparatively harmless as is the use of cloves in the beginning, says the New York Journal, the system soon feels a craving for the stimulating effect produced by them, and slowly and insidiously the habit grows until they become as much an absolute necessity to the victim as does brandy to the dipsomaniac or opium to the morphine fiend.

It is in their supposed harmlessness that the danger of acquiring the clove habit lies. Schoolgirls, whose taste has been perverted by over-indulgence in sweets, turn naturally to the spice canister in search of a change for the organs of taste with the almost invariable result that they finally discard the candies for the pungent little bud.

The habit once acquired, the unconscious victim begins to find that what was once a pastime has now become a necessity, and instead of being satisfied with a small quantity, as at first, two or three ounces a day are found necessary to satisfy the system's craving. Then follows a gradual but certain breaking down of the constitution, beginning at the nerve centers, which finally brings the victim to a pitiable condition.

CROWING CONTESTS.

Music Furnished by Roosters Entered in a Regular Competition.

Recently there was a very interesting crowing contest between roosters in Belgium. The poultry raisers of the vicinity of Liege are such admirers of the music which their roosters furnish that they decided to hold a competition at Liege in order to prove definitely whose rooster was the champion crower. All the birds entered in the competition—and there was a great number—were placed in cages, one in each cage, with a trustworthy man in front of each to record the crowing. The contest lasted one hour, and the cock which crowed the greatest number of times in that period received a valuable prize. The winner of the prize crowed one hundred and thirty-four times, or more than twice a minute. The Youth's Companion thinks that anyone who has seen a young rooster mount a barnyard fence and crow until the housewife comes out and throws a milk pan at him will not be inclined to impeach the accuracy of this count, unless he thinks it is an understatement. It is possible that the Liege cocks were embarrassed by the strange surroundings and did not do themselves justice.

TIDINGS FROM EUROPE.

THE Eiffel tower in Paris made $10,000,000 for its projector, George Eiffel.

AMONG the members of the German parliament are six cigar makers.

MAIL matter is now sent from Paris to Berlin in thirty-five minutes by means of the pneumatic tube.

PRIOR to 1066 the horses of England were never shod. William the Conqueror being the person who is given the credit of introducing horse shoeing into the British isles.

THERE are two yew trees in the department of the Eure, in France, which are supposed to be fifteen hundred years old. They measure about thirty and twenty-five feet in circumference respectively.

LONDON has the distinction of being the first city to use coal. This was in the latter part of the twelfth century. Its use was prohibited shortly after its introduction, and one man was actually executed for violating this law.

THE last occasion previous to this year on which the house of commons sat on derby day was in 1882. The house was then discussing the prevention of crimes bill. For six and thirty years before that the house had regularly adjourned on derby day.

THE QUEEREST OF THINGS.

A BOTTOMLESS bog exists in Mattawamkeag, Me. Several bridges have been built upon it, but each in turn has sunk from sight.

MIGRATORY birds do not cross the Mediterranean at its narrowest point, but an examination of the point where they do cross has proved that this was at one time the narrowest part of the sea, thus showing the strength of inherited customs.

AT Tucker, in Ripley county, Mo., there is a curiosity in the peach tree line which will be sent to the world's fair. The tree is three years old, about one and a half inches in diameter at the butt, is thirty-seven feet high and has no limb or branch on it.

AMONG the most remarkable spiders is the Dolomedes, which runs over the surface of water in pursuit of its prey, and dives to escape its enemies. Stranger still is the Argyroneta, which builds its house wherein it lays its eggs and rears its young at the bottom of streams.

Electricity in the Vatican.

The pope has considered the use of electricity, and the installation of an electric lighting system in the Vatican is in progress. The Papal palace has for some time had an elevator, also a complete telephonic system of its own, and connected with the central station in Rome. His holiness has apparently become convinced that the "world do move," and hence, perhaps, his less bigoted attitude toward American public schools.

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A DRUNKEN BEAR.

Bruin Acquired an Appetite for the Flowing Bowl.

A Grizzly That Got a Taste of Tipple and Liked It—Delirium Tremens Put an End to His Dissipated Career.

"Way back in the 50s I was temporarily handling the lines for the Sacramento Overland State Company, and it was over lots of land, I tell you, for our route ran through the roughest section of the Sierra Nevadas. One night about sunset I was swinging along the rocky trail at a pretty good pace, as I wanted to reach Rabbit creek before dark, where we changed horses and got supper, says the Kansas City Star.

I had three passengers, all men, and for freight carried a barrel of gin strapped on behind the stage. There was gin for "Red Mike," who ran a free and easy at the mining camp at Rabbit Creek. Suddenly my attention was called by one of the passengers to a novel race which was going on down the side of the mountain between a miner and a grizzly bear, with the man about one hundred feet ahead running like a deer. But the bear was gaining rapidly and it seemed that he had him sure, when suddenly the miner turned and darted off in another direction. The grizzly was slow in stopping, for when he did get straightened the man he annihilated distance was a caution to catamounts.

Several times the miner played this trick, and on each occasion gained considerable ground in one direction, but it could be seen he was rapidly tiring, and unless something happened the bear was dead sure to get him. We were wondering what we could do to help the poor fellow when suddenly the leaders smelled the grizzly. They snorted and pranced and started off on a dead run. I put on the brake, and it was all I could do to stop them and wouldn't have succeeded only the trail was up grade.

Well, when the horses made their jump the barrel of gin broke loose from its fastenings and went tearing down the mountain side toward the man and bear, who were coming along on a dead run. The man saw the barrel coming and avoided it, but not so the grizzly. He stood up on his hind legs and, reaching out his fore paws, grabbed it. The way that barrel rolled him down the mountain would make a coyote laugh.

The impromptu journey was brought to a sudden ending by an immense bowlder, against which the bear and barrel rolled. The shock separated them, and, strange to say, the barrel stood right side up with the head broken in and only a small portion of the contents was spilled. To say the bear was surprised would be putting it light.

He thought he had his quarry and when he discovered it was only a barrel his face took on an expression of intense disgust. However, as is natural for a bear, he began to lick his shaggy coat, which had been sprinkled with some of the gin. The taste was apparently agreeable, as he kept on absorbing the liquor with his rough tongue until the fl